THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1887.

"THE LAND OF THE GODS AND OF THE RISING SUN."*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

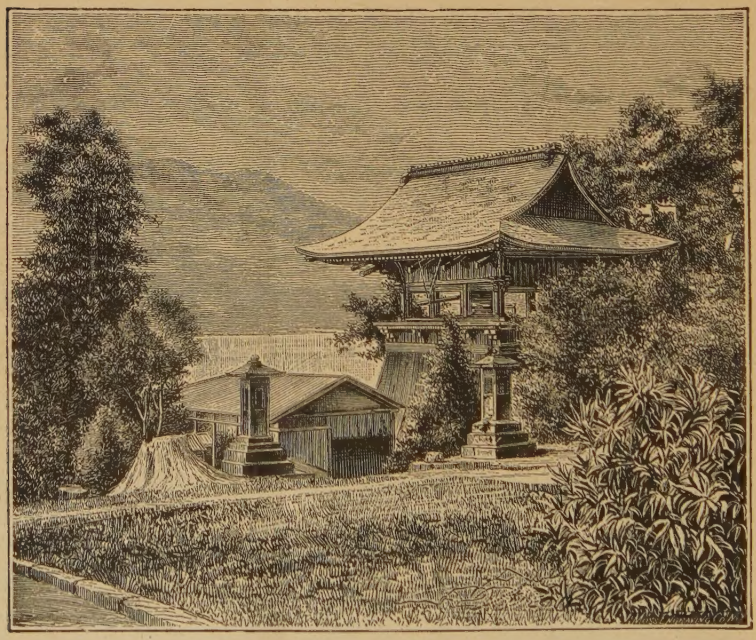
INTEREST in the empire of Japan increases. Twenty years ago that beautiful country was largely an unknown land; but of late, in answer to the demand for fuller and more accurate information in regard to the "Flowery Kingdom" and its inhabitants, books have multiplied, until we are almost ready to cry, "Enough!"

Of the many books relating to Japan and the Japanese, few are more interesting than that by Mr. Maclay, whose "Budget of Letters" is the text of the present article. Mr. Maclay tells us that, during his sojourn in "the land of the gods and of the rising sun," he made it a practice "to carefully reduce to writing his observations and experiences." These he afterward rewrote in the form of letters, and we have, in consequence, a racy, readable and instructive volume. The range of topics covered by these letters is large. We get a glimpse of old feudal times in Japan. We are treated to a vivid pen-picture of life in the interior. Some notion of school-teaching, its difficulties and characteristics, is imparted. Sketches are given of the principal cities and chief points of interest of the country. And, of greater moment than these, we learn of the social problems in Japan, and of the progress of missionary labour among this wonderful people. It will be sufficient to add, in connection with our outline of the general plan of the work, that the time covered by the letters extends from October, 1873, to January, 1878.

* *A Budget of Letters from Japan.* Reminiscences of Work and Travel in Japan. By ARTHUR COLLINS MACLAY, A.M., LL.B., formerly Instructor of English in the Ko-Gakko-Rio, Tokio. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 391 pages. Illustrated.

It is pleasant to be able to offer our congratulations to the publishers on the admirable setting which they have given to Mr. Maclay's delightful letters. Our readers may form some conception of the publishers' work by the illustrations which accompany this article. The binding, type, illustrations and paper leave little to be desired.

It is not the purpose of the present article to attempt an elaborate *resumé* of the volume before us. The most we hope to accomplish is to treat briefly of some of the topics which pass



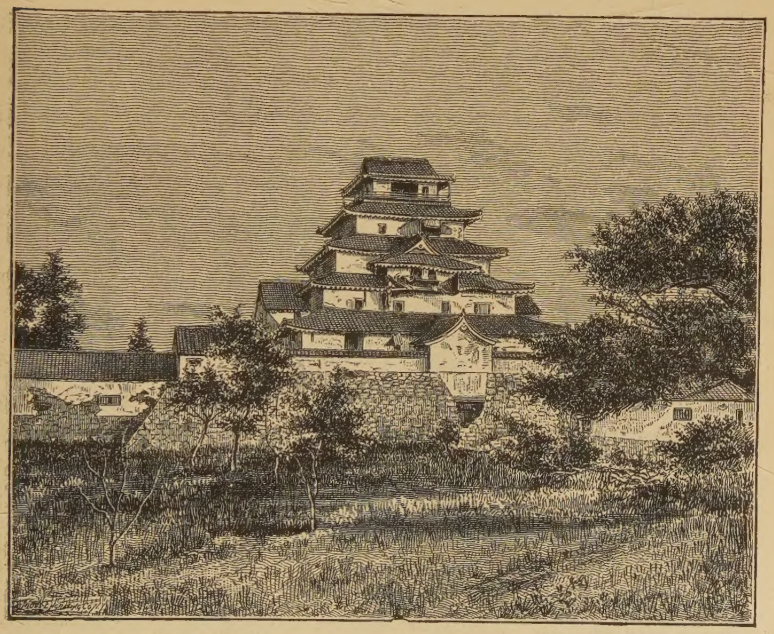
Glimpse of Chiusenji Lake.

under review in Mr. Maclay's letters, making liberal use, in doing so, of the information which he has given. We do not propose to lessen our reader's interest in a book which we sincerely hope he may speedily make his own.

One of the earliest points of attraction to the visitor in Japan is Yokohama, a "city built upon a broad tongue of land jutting into Yeddo Bay. On one side is Yokohama harbour; on the other is Mississipi Bay." It is a cosmopolitan city, almost all nationalities being represented; hence it is not the most favourable place to select in order to study Japanese life and character Yokohama, during Mr. Maclay's knowledge of it, enjoyed the

reputation of being "the wickedest place in the empire." This is the natural result of the contact of lower forms of Western civilization with a degraded Eastern society. Even in 1873, however, the presence of the missionary was beginning to have a salutary effect upon the morals of the people.

Yokohama early became a depôt whither European merchants shipped their goods; especially were dry-goods and clothing put upon the market. Early adventures of this kind generally resulted in commercial disaster. "The vast mass of the



Ruins of the Citadel of Aidzu Castle.—*(Native Photograph.)*

natives are too miserably poor to invest in anything beyond head-gear. Imagine a man, whose yearly income is barely forty dollars, investing in our expensive clothing! Five dollars a month is considered good pay. Seven dollars a month is very good pay, sufficient to keep a wife in considerable style."

Social and home-life in Japan will not call for lengthened reference. A Japanese house, as a rule, is but one story high, and, to our thought, quite small. Mr. Maclay, however, while teaching in the interior, at Hirosaki, was the fortunate possessor of "a good native dwelling, having eight rooms." The only covering of the floor are the *tatamis*, "heavily padded mats about seven feet long, three feet wide and about two inches

thick. They constitute the principal feature in a native house; for, from their soft nature, they serve as beds, chairs, and tables. They are manufactured of soft rushes, and are bordered with silken edges." Accordingly, in our eyes, a native house would seem very scantily furnished.

The cost of a Japanese house is small; one of three rooms can be built for a sum ranging between twenty-five to one hundred dollars, the furniture costing some fifty dollars additional. There are no doors, their place being supplied by sliding partitions of a not overly strong or thick material. The houses are heated by little braziers, or small square wooden boxes filled with ashes, upon which a few small pieces of red-hot charcoal rest. It is no matter for surprise that one of the chief occupations of winter, with many of the natives, is the task of keeping warm; for while the thermometer does not often register a very great degree of cold, the air is peculiarly damp, and cold sea breezes seem to find their way to one's very bones.

Meals are served on small, square tables, about a foot in height, one table being provided for each person, who sits, of course, on the floor. The meal over, the tables are removed.

Frequent bathing, in water of a high temperature, is a habit of the Japanese. The bath is heated by a charcoal furnace, connected with one side of the tub. It is not always deemed needful to change the water for each bather, and guests at hotels find it difficult to secure absolute privacy during their ablutions.

Travel is generally prosecuted by means of the "ubiquitous jinrikisha man," who provides a mode of locomotion not altogether unpleasant. The *kago*, a sort of palanquin, is, one would judge, an easier mode of travel.

Writing of the social condition of the Japanese, Mr. Maclay expresses the conviction "that, generally speaking, the Japanese men make kind and affectionate husbands, and the women make virtuous and exemplary wives and mothers, and the children are certainly the happiest little imps in the world; their parents fondle and spoil them most effectually, and, at the same time, never lose their control over them." Though the husband has absolute control over the person of his wife, he does not seem to abuse his power, as a general rule; though, of course, exceptions to the rule occur.

The morals of the people are much as might be expected among those who have always dwelt under the shadow of

heathenism. The people seem to be children in matters of moral distinctions between right and wrong, with this difference, however, between them and children—the absence, in the vast majority of cases, of innocency. A maiden, to deliver her father from financial embarrassment, did, and still does, in the judgment of the Japanese, a virtuous and praiseworthy act, by selling herself to a life of sin.

The liquor problem has not yet assumed the proportions in Japan that it has with us. The tame diet of the people, our

The ubiquitous Jinrikisha.

author tells us, does not tend to produce violent appetites. It must not, however, be supposed that total abstinence is the rule; neither, when practised, that it is practised from principle. Public holidays, especially New Year's Day, are made the occasion of intoxication, and drunkenness is then common. Wine is not native to Japan. Beer, ale, porter and brandy have never been made. But the Japanese soon acquire a taste for these products of our civilization (?), and the need for prohibitory legislation will undoubtedly be felt in the near future. *Sakè* is the native intoxicant. It produces drunkenness, mild compared with ours, but real enough in all conscience. But

Mr. Maclay was not aware that *delirium tremens* was known in the empire. Smoking, though not uncommon, is reduced to a genteel art, which women practise with propriety. But minute quantities are smoked at a time, and only a couple of whiffs are taken at once. It is so gracefully and moderately indulged in as neither to injure the health nor make the smoker offensive.

The labour problem remains for future solution of Japan.

"The masses will be many years in forgetting the old distinction between themselves and the upper classes. They regard the *Samurai* with instinctive fear and respect. They yet look upon them as beings inherently superior to themselves. But the day will surely come when the labourer will begin to question his own inferiority. He will query whether he has not more than merely the right to exist, whether he is not entitled to a few of the pleasures, and to a few of the relaxations of life; whether he should not have a few mental diversions and hours of leisure to devote to his spiritual development. When that time comes, the Japanese will see the application of the tenth and eleventh commandments, which contain, in fact, the only principles that can adjust this question here or anywhere else."

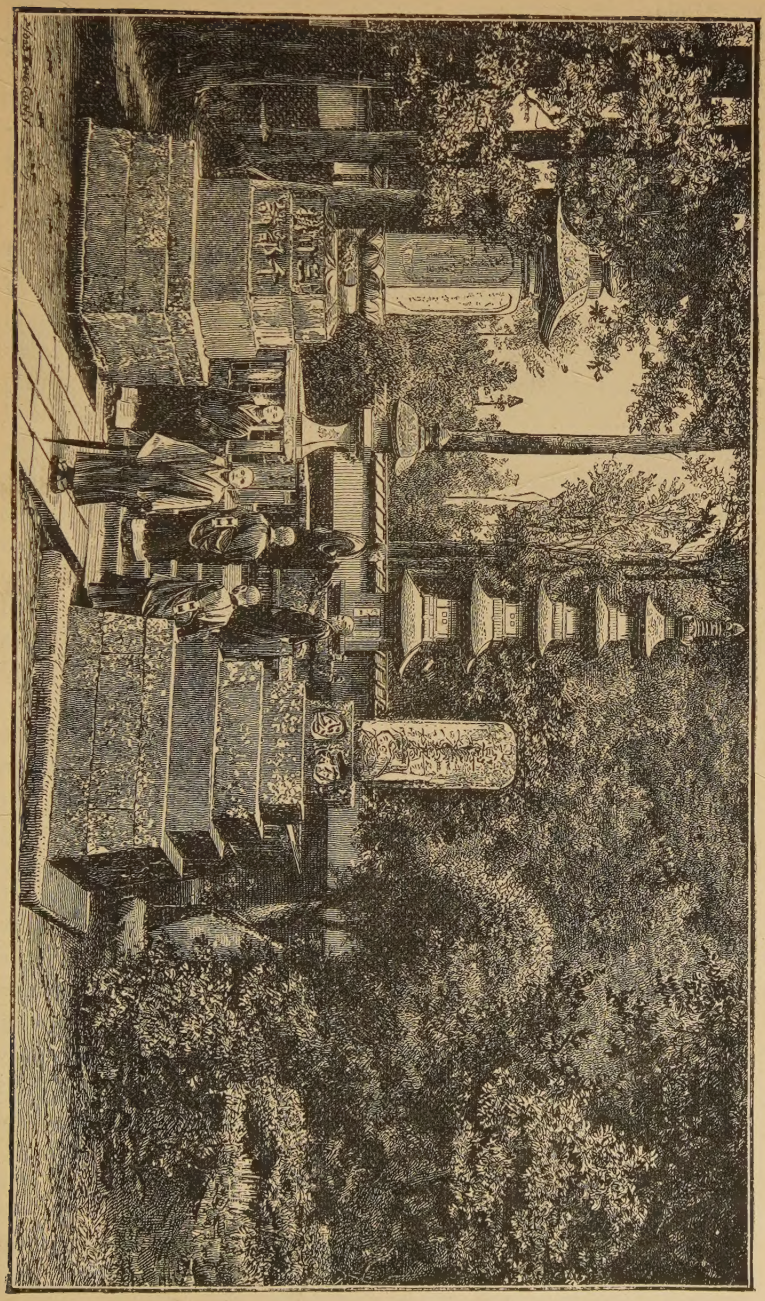
From a reference to the morals of the people the transition is natural and easy to a consideration of missionary toils and successes. This, however, may profitably be prefaced by a brief review of the native systems of Japanese religion.

Shintoism, as the reader will know, is the primitive religion of Japan. Its myths and legends all cluster around Isè, to whose honour shrines and temples are erected.

"This was a pastoral religion. The aboriginal hunters and tillers of the soil offered up the fruits of their toil to the unknown powers that controlled nature. Into this religion has become welded the doctrine of the divinity of the Mikado. Pure Shintoism is not idolatry. It was the worship of the Invisible by a simple pastoral community. It had no code of morality, no literature expounding doctrines relating to pure life, and no teachings that can compare with the teachings of other great religions. But its great weakness is, that while it recognizes the fact that men should be good, it utterly neglects to tell them how to be good. It fails to give a single commandment or evolve a single principle of morality. If you believe the Mikado to be of divine descent and obey him, you cannot fail to be a good Shintoist. It must always fail as a religion."

In Murray's "Manners and Customs of the Japanese," the following five points are presented as embodying the tenets of Shintoism:—

"1. Adoration or preservation of pure fire, as the emblem of purity, and the instrument of purification. 2. Purity of soul, heart and body to be



A QUIET CORNER IN A BUDDHIST CEMETERY.—(*Native Photograph.*)

preserved ; in the former, by obedience to the dictates of reason and the law; in the latter, by abstinence from whatever defiles. 3. Observance of festival days. 4. Pilgrimages. 5. Worship of the kami, both in temples and at home."

Shintoism is manifestly a religion of the past, and Christianity need fear little from its opposition. There is nothing to hope and less to dread from this primitive faith.

"Buddhism," writes Dr. Erastus Wentworth, "has accumulated a legendary history, a traditional lore that rivals that of the Jews, whose Talmuds bury Moses out of sight, and that of Rome, which has heaped mountains of creeds and rituals upon the simple words and worship of Jesus Christ." It has greatly changed from the days of its founder, Sakya Muni, "a young prince, handsome, strong, heroic, surrounded by pleasures, and tempted by the most brilliant worldly prospects." He becomes greatly affected by the view of the miseries of human life, "becomes a changed man, forsakes his father's palace for a hermit's cell, practises and then teaches a rigid asceticism, and dies at eighty, after a long career, occupied partly with the instruction of a numerous band of disciples, and partly with ecstatic contemplation. He is deified at the moment of his death," and it is declared by his disciples that "he has entered the Nirvana, or extinction."

"The Buddhists are the champion monastery-builders of the world." Their love for nature, which is a characteristic idea of Buddhism, was prominently seen in the choice of sites for their monasteries. The central thought of their teaching, received from Sakya himself, is that of mercy. "Carrying this idea into practice, he formed a law to the effect that no creature animated with life should be killed. This, he thought, would prevent homicide and the needless slaying of dumb animals." The other great doctrine of Buddhism is the idea "that for man to live above the miseries of this life and to obtain an exemption from miseries hereafter, it was necessary for him to eliminate from his mind all thoughts and desires whatsoever, to make his mind a void and to keep it in that condition until utter mental abstraction had been attained." Hence annihilation is the heaven of Buddhism, existence is a curse, Nirvana perfect benediction.

It was to cultivate and strengthen this second doctrine that the monastery came to be established. While Buddhism was the State religion of Japan, whither it came from Corea and

China, monastic life was charming and romantic. To quote the graphic words of our author:—

"In a few years, or centuries, rather, a superb system of monasteries filled the empire with unsurpassed beauty. Magnificent groves environed

Old-style Warriors.

them, cooling streams bubbled through their spacious grounds. The deep shade and silence of their superb forests of cryptomeria, that clothed the mountains with stately grandeur, called up the pensive moods of millions of pilgrims during many centuries. All the surroundings of these grand institutions—the icy streams, pouring from moss-covered basins, the sweet

shade, the bracing air, the melancholy solitude,—all brought man into communion with nature that could not fail to benefit him."

But, as with the system of monastery life afterward obtaining in the Romish Church and in Europe, no ultimate good for the nation grew out of the monasteries of Buddhism. The monks began, alas! to live unholy lives. The few who were godly among them were unable to stem the tide of corruption, and so it has come to pass that Buddhism stands forth a confessed failure as a regenerating force in Japan. "The teachings of Sakya are a wild dream, an ingenious hypothesis of a sincere and noble soul blindly groping for some principle that should explain the mysteries of life and death."

Such were the religions of the people when Christianity came to the rescue of this wonderful empire.

The Spanish Jesuits were the first Christian missionaries who went to Japan. They began their labours in 1549, and in half a century counted their nominal converts by the thousands. But the mischief-making propensity of this sect soon manifested itself. Through interfering with things temporal, intriguing and conspiracy, the Jesuits brought banishment on themselves and so aroused public indignation against Christianity that, in 1587, a decree for the extermination of all Christians was published, a decree which, a few years ago, was found by Protestant missionaries upon every public place in the empire.

With slight exceptions Japan remained a closed country to all the world from the end of the sixteenth century until the middle of the nineteenth. In 1853 two treaty-ports were opened to American trade, and in 1858 six treaty-ports became open to foreigners, to whom liberty to reside at these ports was given.

Under these conditions, Protestant Christianity began its labours in the "Flowery Kingdom." The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States sent its first missionary in 1859. In 1867 the number of missionaries increased, and the people, beginning to distinguish between Romanism and Protestantism, gave more reverent attention to the truth. In 1873, the grand influx of all denominations occurred, new stations were formed, and a brighter day dawned for Japan.

It was in 1873 that our own Church sent its first heralds to this distant field, the opening of which has been of such large blessing to the work at home. In April, 1886, we had 591

THE YOMEI GATEWAY, NIKKO TEMPLES *(Native Photograph.)*

members, an increase of 144 over the previous year. We had also, at that date, nine missionaries, male and female (since when the staff has been increased), seven organized churches, five ordained native ministers, seven on probation, and eleven young hired local preachers, who are being tested before being received on probation.

No missionary field offers larger opportunities for faithful toil. Men and money will be needed in much more liberal supply than hitherto furnished, if, as a Church, we are to do our work as we should; and failure to "go forward" in the Master's name is to merit the condemnation of God and the contempt of our fellows. Mr. Maclay evidently realizes the situation, as, with vigorous and truthful words, he writes:

"The Japanese, who have been so assiduously introducing our civiliza tion, are now startled with the discovery that they have been but pioneers for Christian missionaries. They now see that the intellectual qualities, the animal passions, and the selfish desires of nations under Christian influences are controlled and curbed by some moral power. And they also see that, but for the checking force of these moral principles, the tremendous faculties of Europe and America would be dangerous to the world. While they have assiduously cultivated the intellectual powers of thei youth, are intensifying their appetites and passions by nourishing and stimulating food, yet they have put no guide on the road, have put no brake on the wheels, have introduced no moral power to restrain the undue exercise of these mental and physical powers. They find Shintoism and Buddhism quite powerless to do so. Nor can the copious and bitter draughts of infidelity, already freely imbibed, accomplish this end. Nothing under the sun but the Gospel of Christ can do it."

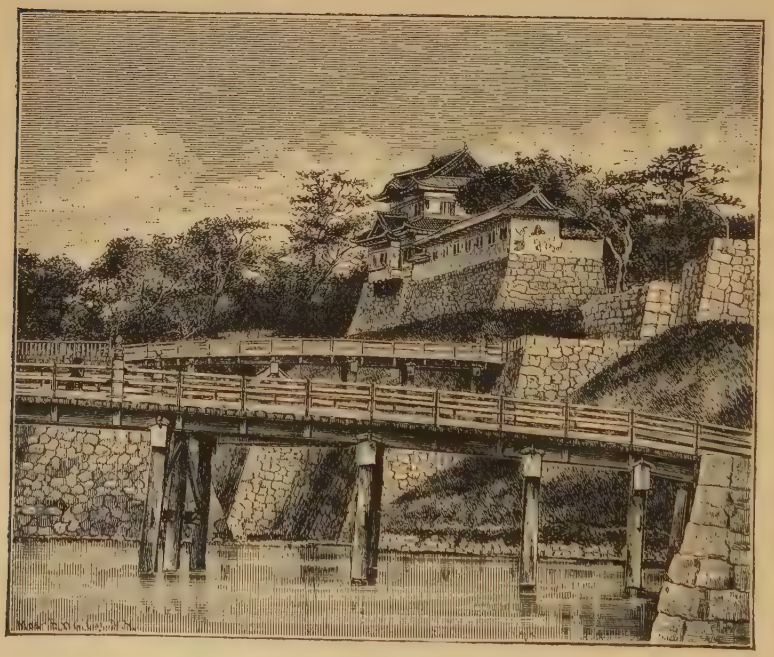
The lover of the novel and striking, and likewise of the romantic and picturesque, should visit Japan. The great cities of the empire, the interior of the country with its teeming masses still under the sway of old superstitions and customs, will gratify the thirst for the strange; while the opportunities for beholding the beautiful and magnificent are met with on every hand.

The castles of Japan well deserve a visit. Writing under date of July 10, 1874, from Hirosaki, of one of these castles, Mr. Maclay says:

"There is something very inspiring in the lively notes of the bugle that make the entire place vocal in the morning, at noon, and at sundown. It contains a garrison of about a thousand men. They are dressed in blue uniform trimmed with yellow, and are armed with Snyder and Sharpe rifles. These soldiers come from the provinces. They are small men, but very plucky and hardy. They are kept under excellent discipline. It is a rare thing to find one of them drunk."

As there are about one hundred and fifty of these castles scattered throughout Japan, some hint as to their construction, which is always on the same general plan, may prove of interest. We quote from Mr. Maclay:

"The term 'castle' is misleading. For, unlike the flinty masses of masonry of Europe that delight to perch themselves upon lofty cliffs, these strongholds rarely present high walls to the sight, and are generally built upon undulating or level ground. The ideal plan is to arrange the moats or embankments so that a moderately rugged hill shall be near the centre

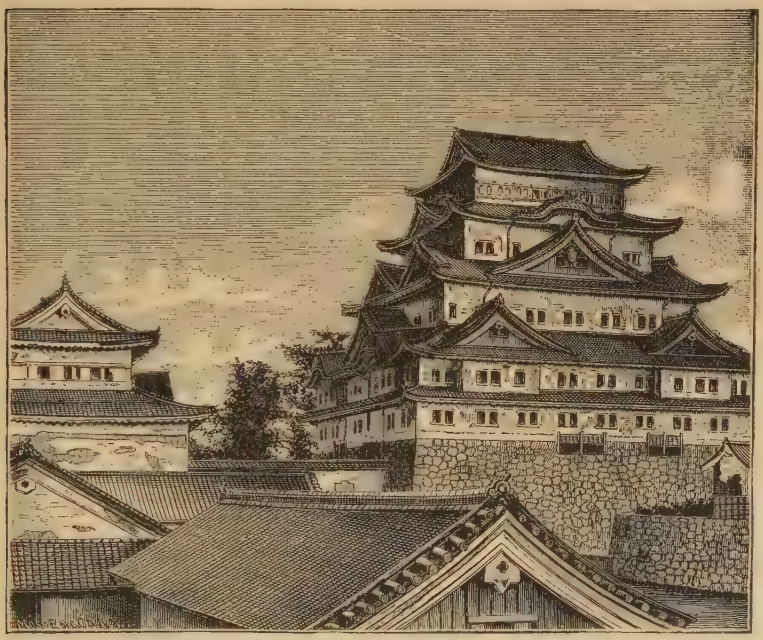


THIRD MOAT OF THE TOKIO CASTLE.—*(Native Photograph.)*

thus serving to increase the strength of the Tenshiu, or citadel. As a rule, you will find a triple system of circumvallation, one inside the other; the outermost one being from two to four miles in circumference, while the innermost one is reduced to a massive inclosure of a few hundred yards. The largest castle in Japan is at Tokio. The perimeter of its outlying line of circumvallation exceeds ten miles,—in fact, a part of the metropolis is built between the first and second systems. The next one in size is said to be at Shidzuoka."

These castles were the strongholds of old Japanese feudalism. Here the Daimio, "the theoretical sovereign unit," in whom

"were centred the executive, legislative, and the judicial power," exercised his authority. But he was too frequently a mere figure-head, the plaything of corrupt men, and so thoroughly were the people weary of the state of affairs in which they found themselves, that they welcomed the re-action in favour of a more popular form of government for which the advent of Perry to their coasts made the way. These castles are now in the control of the Central Government, and many



THE CITADEL OF OWARI CASTLE.—*(Native Photograph.)*

of them are being permitted to fall into decay. "Some of the choicest, however, are kept in a fair state of repair, and are open to the inspection of tourists from abroad."

The temples of Japan are of great interest. During a summer vacation trip into the interior, our author visited the famous Yomei gate of the Nikko temples. It is thus graphically described :—

"It has exhausted the art and ingenuity of the architect. It is a bewildering mass of tracery. For beauty of design and prodigality of decoration it is matchless. It is equally lovely whether glittering in the sunlight or shimmering in the moonbeams. The railing of its balcony is supported by dragons' heads. Just above the portal are two white dragons linked

in terrific combat. Underneath you see groups of children playing. Beneath these are clusters of Chinese sages in various philosophical attitudes, such as only Chinese philosophers can assume. The dragons, upholding the massive roof, with their flaming eyes and gaping crimson jaws, seem to be on the *qui vive* for evil spirits."

No one omits a visit to Fujiyama, "the centre-piece of Japanese scenery. It is the first point of land that the approaching traveller sights as he comes bounding over the waves a hundred miles away." Mr. Maclay climbed to its summit, which he found to be a rugged country, "three miles in circumference," and "covered with lava hills, one of which was two hundred feet high at least." He thus described what he saw:—

"The view from the summit of Fujiyama is magnificent beyond description. On one hand you have the Pacific Ocean, and on the other hand you have thirteen provinces of Nippon. You become dizzy as you gaze down the steep sides of the cone, over its sable girdle of woods, and upon the slopes at its base. It is terribly precipitous. You feel as if you could jump down upon the empire. Thousands of feet beneath you the clouds and the evening mists are beginning to gather around the mountain-side. They mass themselves in huge billows against the woods until it seems as if the ocean itself had risen upon the mountain; now the upward currents of air strike the clouds from below and they are tossed upward like smoke arising from some vast battle-field, and your view is again unobstructed. You see the grand mountain ranges of Hakonè, colossal in themselves, lying like dwarfed hills beneath you, and stretching away until merged in the obscurity that veils the horizon. In their midst lies lovely Hakonè Lake, like a mirror in the hills. As far as you can see, to the east and to the south, are mountain-ranges, diversified with sweet valleys and lovely lakes."

Other topics of interest suggested by this fascinating volume must be passed over. Mr. Maclay wisely recognizes the fact that Japan is passing through a state of transition. Even since his letters were written, change has transformed statements of fact into historical records. We can hardly believe, much less understand, the rapidity and certainty with which alterations are being effected in the ideas and habits of the wonderful people to whom our attention has been prominently turned of late. Of one fact we may rest assured, that the salt which alone can save Japan from destruction is the salt of Christian example and doctrine.

BRANTFORD, Ont.

HEAD OF THE WEST BOW, EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH AND ITS MEMORIES.*

II.

John Knox's House.

In the High Street, Edinburgh, is Knox's house, a quaint old place, with a steep outer stair. It was with feelings of reverence that I stood in the room in which Knox died, and in the little study—very small and narrow—only about four feet by seven, in which he wrote the "History of the Scottish Reformation." I sat in his chair at his desk, and I stood at the window from which he used to preach to the multitude in the High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the

**Edinburgh: Past and Present.* By J. B. Gillies. With notes of the County, Historical, Descriptive, and Scientific. By Rev. James Small, Flora Masson and Dr. Geikie. With 150 illustrations, small 4to, pp., viii.-264. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.60.

house front reads, "LVFE. GOD. ABVFE. AL. AND. YI. NYCHTBOVR. AS. YI. SELF." There are on old houses in Edinburgh many such pious mottoes, as: "MY. HOIP. IS. CHRIST;" "WHAT. EVER. ME. BEFALL. I. THANK. THE. LORD. OF. ALL;" "LAVS. VBIQVE. DEO;" "NISI. DOMINVS. FRVSTRA;" "PAX. ENTRANTIBVS. SALVS.

Room in which Knox Died.

EXEVNTIBVS." A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a number of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair, false Queen, whose guilty conscience he probed to the quick, and those of the beautiful Four Maries of her court. In the Museum I saw Knox's old pulpit where, says Melville, "he was sae active that he was lyk to ding it in blads and flee out of it."

These memories of the great Reformer bring vividly to mind his heroic career—the grandest in the annals of Scotland. After long years of exile, during the Marian persecution, including two weary years during which he was chained to the oars of a French galley, he returned to his native land to bear the brunt of the battle with the papacy.

The Lords of the Congregation took arms in defence of Christ's Kirk and Gospel. Their summons sped like the fiery cross over the hills of Scotland. Knox preached everywhere, like John the Baptist in the wilderness, the new evangel. The zeal of the new converts led, in many places, to the destruction of images and the sacking of monasteries and churches—events which have been a grievance with sentimental antiquarians to this day. But better, thought the Reformers, that the stone saints should be hurled from their pedestals, than that living men should be burned at the stake.

Disaster assailed the Congregation. Their armies were defeated; their councils were frustrated. But in the darkest hour the fiery eloquence of Knox rekindled their flagging courage. The Protestant Council proceeded to the organization of society. In every parish was planted a school, and in every school an open Bible. To Knox is it largely owing that for three centuries Scotland has been the best educated country in Europe.

At this juncture arrived Mary Stuart, to assume the reins of government. Of all who came within the reach of her influence, John Knox alone remained proof against the spell of her fascinations. The mass to which she adhered was more dreaded by him, he said, than ten thousand armed men. And soon the Protestant party had cause to distrust the fair, false Queen, who, with light words on her lip, and bright smiles in her eye, had seen head after head of the Huguenot nobles fall in the Place de la Greve, and who subsequently put her perjured hand to the bloody covenant of the Catholic League.

Knox was now installed in the old historic Church of St. Giles, where, to listening thousands, he thundered with an eloquence like his who "shook the Parthenon and fulmined over Greece." "His single voice puts more life in us," exclaims a hearer, "than six hundred trumpets pealing in our ears." He spared not the vices of the court, and, with a spirit as dauntless as that of Ambrose rebuking the Emperor Theodosius, condemned the conduct of the Queen. She sent for him in anger.

"Is he not afraid?" whispered the courtiers.

"Why sould the plesing face of a gentilwoman affray me?" he retorted; "I have luiked in the faces of mony angry men, and yet have not been affrayed above measure."

CANONGATE TOLBOOTH.

"My subjects, then," said the Queen, after a protracted interview, "are to obey you and not me?"

"Nay," he replied, "let prince and subject both obey God."

"I will defend the Kirk of Rome," she continued; "for that, I think, is the Kirk of God."

"Your will, madam," answered Knox, "is no reason; neither does your thought make the Roman harlot the spouse of Jesus Christ."

The subtle Queen next tried the effect of flattery on the stern Reformer. She addressed him with an air of condescension and confidence "as enchanting as if she had put a ring on his finger." But the keen-eyed man could not be thus hooded like a hawk on a lady's wrist.

The Protestant lords were beguiled, by the cunning wiles of the crowned siren, of the rights won by their good swords. But the submission of the haughty barons of Scotland availed nothing with the Queen while one frail old man bowed not to her proud will. He was summoned before her.

"Never prince was so handled," she exclaimed; "but I vow to God I will be revenged;" and she burst into passionate weeping.

Waiting till she became calm, Knox declared "he must obey God rather than man." The Queen again burst into tears. The stern old man seemed to relent. "He took no delight in the distress of any creature," he said, "and scarce could bear his own boys' weeping when he chastened them for their faults; but," he added, "rather than hurt his conscience, or betray his country, he must abye even the tears of a queen."

Sentimental readers wax indignant at the iron-hearted bigot who could endure unmoved the weeping of a woman, young and lovely, and a queen. But, it may be, the vision of the headless trunks of the martyrs of Amboise steeled his nature against the wiles of the beautiful siren, who beheld unmoved that sight of horror.

Knox was at length cited before Queen Mary on the accusation of treason. As she took her seat, she burst into laughter. "That man," she exclaimed, "had made her weep, and shed never a tear himself. She would now see if she could make him weep." But Knox was not made of such "penetrable stuff" as to be moved by fear.

The ill-starred Darnley marriage was consummated. The Protestant lords were driven into exile, and the Catholic faction rapidly gained the ascendant. But the bloody scene of Rizzio's murder, and the consequent political convulsions, frustrated their hopes of supremacy. Knox was absent from the realm when the dark tragedy of Kirk-a-Field was enacted, rendered still more horrible by the infamous marriage of the Queen with

her husband's murderer. Craig, the colleague of Knox at St. Giles, commanded to publish the banns of these fatal nuptials —vile as those of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus—publicly took heaven and earth to witness that he abhorred and detested the marriage as scandalous and hateful in the eyes of God and men.

BLACKFRIARS' WYND.

The heart of the nation was stirred to its depths. The Protestants, almost to a man, believed Mary guilty of the death of Darnley. Broadsides of verse invoked a bloody vengeance on the perfidious wife and Queen, as in the following example :

" Her dolesome death be worse than Jezebel,
Whom through a window surely men did thraw ;

Whose blood did lap the cruel hundys fell,
And doggis could her wicked bainis gnaw."

"Bothwell was no his lane in his sin," said the people, "and he suldna be his lane in the punishment."

Romance and poetry, and even the pages of sober history, have cast a glamour around the fair and fascinating Queen, who, by her witcheries, beguiled all who came within her influence—all save the stern Reformer. Her beauty and her misfortunes, her long imprisonment and the tragic pathos of her death, have softened the rigour of historical judgment concerning her life. But the relentless iconoclasm of Froude has broken the idol of romance, and exposed her faults and vices, which were neither few nor light.

Knox's profound conviction of Mary Stuart's guilt must be his justification for what has been regarded as his harsh and almost vindictive treatment of his fallen sovereign. He felt that her crimes might not be condoned without becoming a partaker in her iniquity. "The Queen had no more right," he said, "to commit murder and adultery than the poorest peasant." And to the criminal lenity of the nation he attributed the civil war, which reddened mountain gorse and moorland heather, and made many a rippling burn run ruddy to the sea with stains of Scotland's noblest blood.

The malice of Knox's enemies—and no man ever had more virulent ones—hounded down the aged and enfeebled minister of God. His life even was threatened by the Marian forces in possession of the city, and an arquebus was fired into his room, the ball failing to take effect only in consequence of a change of his accustomed seat. Yet once more was he restored to his beloved flock. Yet once more, like a lamp which a blast of wind fans into intenser flame, only to flicker sooner to extinction, so the fiery soul was again to blaze forth in righteous indignation, and the clarion voice was again to fill the hollow arches of St. Giles before it became silent forever.

The blood-curdling story of St. Bartholomew's dread massacre might well awake the dead or cause the stones to cry out. As post after post brought tidings of fresh atrocities to the tingling ears of the Scottish Protestants, a thrill of horror convulsed the heart of the nation. It seemed as if the mystical angel of the Apocalypse poured his vial of wrath upon the earth, and it became as blood. The direst crime since the Crucifixion, at which the sun was darkened and the earth

trembled, cried to Heaven for vengeance. Throughout Protestant Christendom a thrill of horror curdled the blood about men's hearts.

John Knox was borne to the great Kirk, and lifted up into the pulpit, "with a face wan and weary as of one risen from the dead." Over the upturned sea of faces gleamed his kindling eyes. The weak voice quavered with emotion, now melting men's souls with sympathy, now firing their indignation at the deed of shame. Gathering up his expiring energies, like a prophet of the Lord he hurled forth words of doom, and denounced God's wrath against the men of blood He tottered home from the pulpit which he should occupy no more, followed by a sympathetic multitude of his "bairns," as he affectionately called his children in the Gospel, till he entered his house, which he never left again alive. With a prescience of his approaching end, he calmly set his house in order, paying his servants and settling his worldly affairs. He gave also his dying charge and last farewell to the elders and deacons of his church, and to his fellow-ministers in the Gospel.

The last day of his life, being in physical anguish, a friend expressed sympathy for his suffering. "It is no painful pain," he said, "but such as shall, I trust, put an end to the battle." After an interval of quiet, he exclaimed, "Now it is come;" and ere midnight tolled from the Tolbooth tower, the weary wheels of life stood still, and, without a struggle, he expired. The eloquent tongue was now silent forever. The noble heart throbbed no more. The face that never blanched before man, became pale at the icy touch of death. His long toil and travail were ended. The Christian athlete laid his arms forever down, and entered into his eternal rest.

> "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.
> . . . He hates him,
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer."

As he was laid in the grave, the Earl of Morton pronounced his eulogy in the memorable words, "Here lies he who never feared the face of man."

But to-day Knox belongs not to Scotland, but to the world. While men love virtue and revere piety and admire heroism, so long will his memory be a legacy of richest blessing and an inspiration to highest courage and to noblest effort for the glory of God and for the welfare of man.

Like John the Baptist from the wilderness,
He comes in rugged strength to courts of kings,
Approaches in the name of God and flings

GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD.

The gage of battle down with hardiesse
Of loftiest courage, and doth truth confess
Amid a base and sordid age that rings
With conflict 'gainst the saints of God, and brings
The wrath of Heaven down in stern redress.

Not clothed in raiment soft is he ; a stern
Iconoclast, he smites the idols down
In Rimmon's lofty temple, and doth turn
To scorn of Baal's power the pride and crown ;
Therefore his country garlands now his urn
With wreath immortal of unstained renown.

The churchyard of old Greyfriars is an epitome of Scottish history. On the broad flat stone shown in the cut on page 313, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, 1638, and on Martyrs' Monument one reads, "From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until February 18th, 1668, there was executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, the most of whom lie here." Nourished by such costly libations, the tree of liberty took root and flourished strong and fair.

Around the blue banner of the Scottish Covenant gather memories as heroic as ever thrilled the heart of man. As we read to-day its story, two hundred years after the last covenanting martyr went to God, our souls are touched to tenderness and tears. Like a waft of mountain air, fragrant with the bloom of the gorse and heather, comes the inspiration of the noble lives and nobler deaths of those brave confessors of the faith and witnesses for God. No single name looms up so conspicuously as that of Knox at an earlier period ; but the heroes of the Covenant were a grand army of brave men, battling and dying for the truth.

The "old leaven" of Popery was still working in the land when James VI., paltering with the Popish lords, was reminded by the bold Andrew Melville* that "there were two Kings in the realm, one King James and the other King Jesus, whose subject King James was."

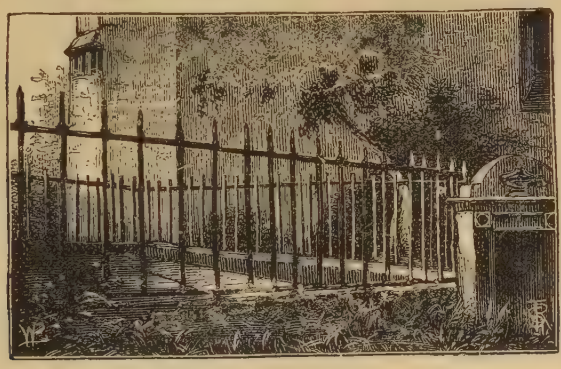
On the 1st of March, 1638, after a sermon in the old Greyfriars' Church, a great parchment was spread upon a broad, flat tombstone in the churchyard, and was subscribed by such numbers that space failed, so that many could affix only their initials; and many of the signatures were written in blood. Never did nation before make more solemn and awful engagement to God than this. It was received as a sacred oath and was defended

* On this occasion he presented to the Lords in Council a remonstrance against the usurpation of the rights of the Church by the King. "Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles ?" demanded the Earl of Arran. "I dare," answered Melville, in the spirit of Knox, and stepping forward he signed the obnoxious document.

with the heart's blood of Scotland's bravest sons. The Covenanting host rallied round the blue and crimson flag, then first flung to the winds, emblazoned with the words, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant."

The Earl of Montrose, originally a Covenanter, changed sides and raised the white flag for the King. He blazed like a meteor through the Highlands, winning brilliant victories, carrying terror and bloodshed into many a peaceful vale. He was at length defeated and exiled: but returning in arms, was apprehended, beheaded, and quartered, with the utmost indignities of that stern age, at Edinburgh.

After the Restoration the Covenants were torn by the hands of the common hangman, and burned with drunken mockery.



Stone of the Covenant.

Rather than submit to the "black prelacy" four hundred ministers resigned their livings and were driven out in the depth of winter upon the snowy wolds. Their places were filled by a mob of illiterate hirelings, so that it was said, "the cows were in jeopardy because the herd boys were all made parsons." Men and women were driven at the point of the sabre and under the penalty of a fine to a service which they abhorred; and to give "meat, drink, house, harbour, or succour" to an ejected minister was a crime.

The Covenanting Church, driven from its altars, betook itself to the wilderness—to lonely straths and distant vales, where the scream of the eagle and the thunder of the cataract blended with the singing of the psalm and the utterance of the prayer, while armed sentinels kept watch on the neighbouring hills. At the rippling burn infants were baptized, and at those moun-

tain altars, youthful hearts plighted their marriage vows. "It is something," says Gilfillan, "to think of the best of a nation worshipping God for years together in the open air, the Druids of the Christian faith."

Claverhouse swept through the country like a destroying angel. Twelve hundred prisoners were dragged to Edinburgh and huddled together for four long months in Greyfriars' Churchyard, where the Covenant had been signed, with no covering but the sky, no couch but the cold earth. The Covenanters, banned like wild beasts, withdrew with their Bibles and their swords to dark glens, wild heaths, rugged mountains, and rocky caves. The preachers, stern eremites, gaunt and haggard, proclaimed, like a new Elijah, the threatenings of God's wrath against His foes. As such live in history and tradition the names of Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick, and such has Sir Walter Scott portrayed in his marvellous creations, —Ephraim MacBriar and Habakkuk Mucklewrath. Wild superstitions were mingled with lofty faith. Some claimed the gift of second sight, and uttered dark prophesies of the future. They believed in magic and Satanic agency. Claverhouse was in league with the arch-fiend, and lead could not harm him, nor water drown. Only to the cold steel of the Highland skean or the keen edge of the claymore was his body vulnerable; and in the violent and bloody deaths of many of their persecutors they beheld the avenging hand of God.

The moral heroism of these brave men has never been surpassed. Take the fate of Richard Cameron and David Hackstoun as examples. When Cameron was ordained, the minister who laid his hand upon his head predicted "that that head should be lost for Christ's sake, and be set up before sun and moon in the sight of the world." But the prophecy daunted not his daring. He was the most powerful of the Covenanting preachers, and his voice stirred the souls of the people like the peal of a clarion. His home was the wild muir, his bed the heather, his pillow a stone, his canopy the sky. At Airsmoss, he, with Hackstoun and about sixty companions, was attacked by the royal troops. "This is the day I have prayed for," he exclaimed with prophetic soul; "to-day I gain the crown." He fell pierced with wounds. His head and his hands were hacked off and borne on a halbert through the High Street of Edinburgh, the fingers uplifted as in prayer. "These," said Murray, as he delivered them to the officials of the Privy

Council, "are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting." With shocking barbarity they were presented to Cameron's father, in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, with the unfeeling and mocking inquiry if he knew to whom they belonged? "Oh, yes," said the poor old man, taking them and kissing them, "they are my son's, my own dear son's. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our day." As the saintly Peden sat on Cameron's grave he lifted his streaming eyes to heaven and pronounced his noblest eulogy in the prayer: "Oh! to be with Ritchie." "Bury me beside Ritchie," he asked on his death-bed, "that I may have rest in my grave, for I have had little in my life." But his prayer was not to be answered, for forty days after his own burial, the ruffian soldiery disinterred his body and hanged it on a gibbet.

Roslin Chapel.

And the Cameronian rank and file, humble pedlars and weavers and weak women, were no less heroic than their leaders. A martyr spirit seemed to animate every frame.* "Will you pray for the King?" queried Major Balfour of three Glasgow labourers. "We will

* The story of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, has been often told but will never lose its power to touch the heart. His only crime was the worship of God according to the dictates of his conscience. Surprised by troopers, he walked at their head, "rather like a leader than a captive," to his own door. "To your knees," said Claverhouse, "for you must die." John prayed with such feeling that the dragoons were moved to tears. He tenderly kissed his wife and babes, and prayed, "may all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you." "No more of this," roared the brutal Claverhouse, and he ordered the dragoons to fire. Seeing them waver, he snatched a pistol, and, with his own hand, shot the good man through the brain. As he fell the brave wife caught her husband's shattered

pray for all within the election of grace," was their reply. "Do you question the King's election?" he asked. "Sometimes we question our own," they answered. Such contumacy was unpardonable, and within an hour the dogs lapped their blood. "Though every hair on my head were a man," said another dying martyr; "I would die all these deaths for Christ and His cause." "Will you renounce the Covenant," demanded the soldiers of a peasant whom they found sleeping on the muir with a Bible by his side. "I would as soon renounce my baptism," he replied, and in an instant dyed the heather with his blood. In moss hags, in hollow trees, in secret caves, in badgers' holes, in churchyards, and other haunted spots; even in burial vaults, in haystacks, in meal chests, in chimneys, in cellars, in garrets, in all manner of strange and loathsome places, the fugitives for conscience, from the sword or the gallows, sought shelter, and marvellous were their hairbreadth escapes from the fury of their persecutors. In hunger, and peril, and penury, and nakedness, these "true-hearted Covenanters wrestled, or prayed, or suffered, or wandered, or died." Many of Scotland's grandest or loveliest scenes are ennobled by the martyr memories of those stormy times; by the brave deaths of those heroes of the Covenant, and by their blood that stained the sod—

> "On the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
> Where Cameron's sword and Bible were seen
> Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."

For twenty-eight years the flail of persecution had scourged the land. Nearly twenty thousand, it is estimated, had perished by fire, or sword, or water, or the scaffold, or had been banished from the realm, and many, many more had perished of cold and

head in her lap. "What think you of your husband now?" demanded the titled ruffian. "I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir," was the brave response, "but never sae muckle as I do this day." "I would think little to lay thee beside him," he answered. "If you were permitted, I doubt na ye would," said the God-fearing woman; "but how are you to answer for this morning's work?" "To men I can be answerable, and as for God," was the blasphemous answer, "I will take Him into my own hands," and the brutal soldier struck spurs to his horse and galloped away. "Meekly and calmly," continues the record of this martyrdom, "did this heroic woman tie up her husband's head in a napkin, compose his body, and cover it with her plaid—and not till these duties were performed did she permit the pent-up current of her mighty grief to burst forth, as she sat down beside the corpse and wept bitterly."

hunger in the moss hags and morasses. The fines imposed in eleven counties amounted to £180,000—an enormous sum in that day for a poor and soldier-harried country like Scotland.

From old Greyfriars it is an appropriate turn to Grange Cemetery, in which lie the bodies of Drs. Duff, Candish, Chalmers, Guthrie, Hugh Miller, and many other of Scotland's greatest sons. This I visited in company with my friend, Mr. John Macdonald, and his daughters, whom I casually met in the Antiquarian Museum. We then drove through the Canongate to Calton Hill, with its magnificent panorama of cliff and crag, and strath and frith, and its noble group of monuments. A grizzly blue-bonneted *cicerone* pointed out, with broad Doric comments, St. Leonard's Crags, the home of Davie Deans, the moss hags of Jennie's midnight tryst, St. Anthony's Chapel, and Arthur's Seat, like a grim couchant lion, one of the most majestic objects I ever saw.

It is a charming drive to Roslin, about eight miles from the city, on the banks of the North Esk. The famous Chapel was founded in 1446. The building is quite unique, and singularly elaborate and curious in its carvings; the most exquisite portion of the chapel is the famous "'Prentice Pillar," shown in the small engraving. We take leave of the charming volume from which these cuts are taken with regret. We heartily commend it to all our Scottish readers who wish to revive in their souls the stirring memories of fatherland.

THE GARDEN OF OLIVES.

BY SIDNEY LAMER.

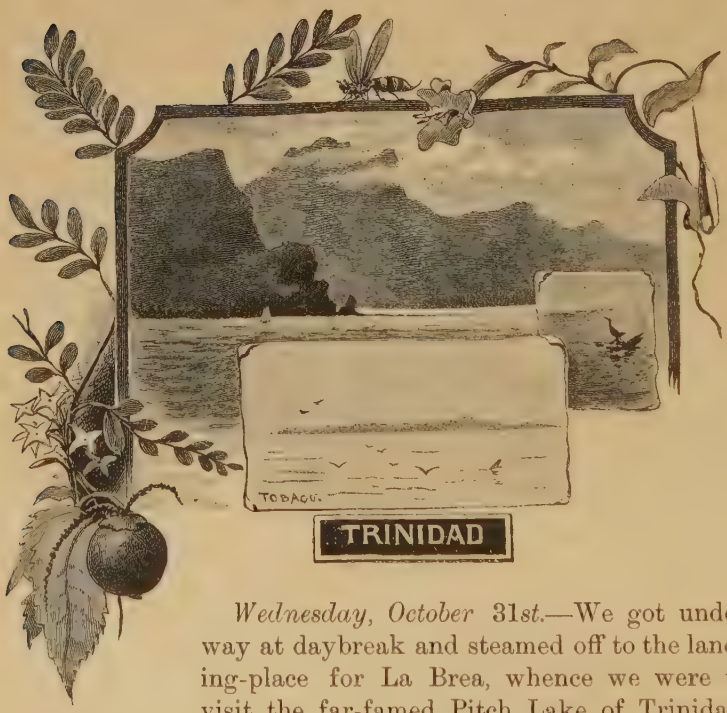
"INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent;
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came."

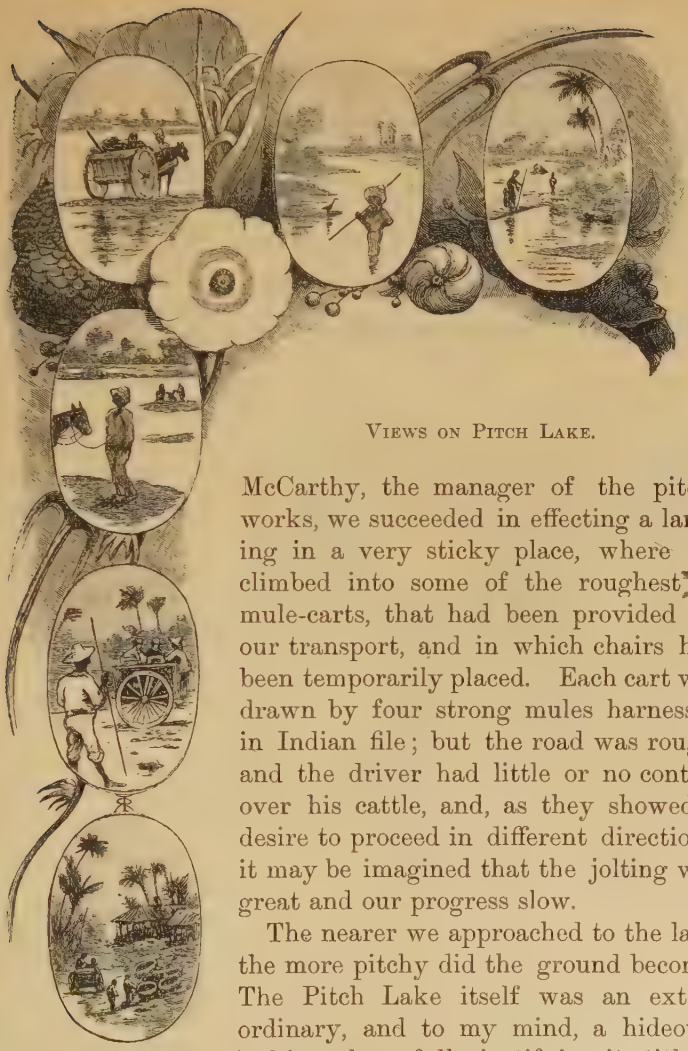
IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

IV.



Wednesday, October 31*st.*—We got under way at daybreak and steamed off to the landing-place for La Brea, whence we were to visit the far-famed Pitch Lake of Trinidad. At five o'clock we again anchored; and about an hour later proceeded to land in the boat, which I steered. This was a somewhat difficult task, for the shore looked like a "Slough of Despond," being composed entirely of pitch, while the few people who appeared waved advice and instructions of the most conflicting and inconsistent character as to landing; so that no sooner had I given heed to the energetic gestures of an individual who appeared to possess a certain amount of authority, and had turned the boat's head in one direction, than the equally frantic gesticulations of a person of apparently superior importance seemed to indicate that we were all doomed to certain destruction. At last, however, with the aid of Mr.



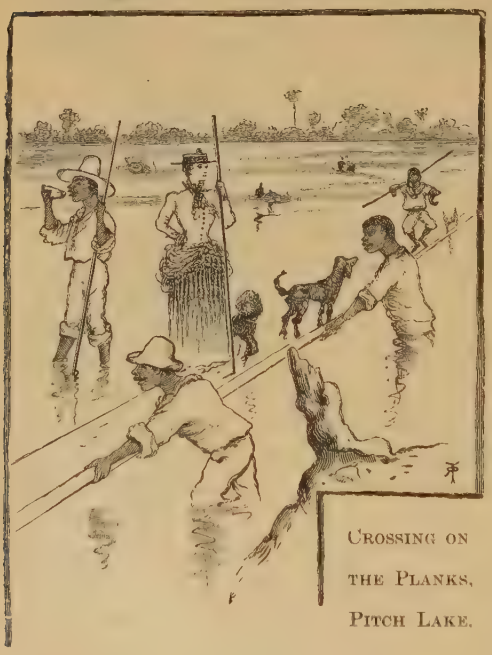
Views on Pitch Lake.

McCarthy, the manager of the pitch-works, we succeeded in effecting a landing in a very sticky place, where we climbed into some of the roughest of mule-carts, that had been provided for our transport, and in which chairs had been temporarily placed. Each cart was drawn by four strong mules harnessed in Indian file; but the road was rough, and the driver had little or no control over his cattle, and, as they showed a desire to proceed in different directions, it may be imagined that the jolting was great and our progress slow.

The nearer we approached to the lake the more pitchy did the ground become. The Pitch Lake itself was an extraordinary, and to my mind, a hideous-looking place, fully justifying its title—a lake of thick pitch, very like solid black mud, intersected by channels, holes and crevices filled with water. In one spot, which was a little harder than the rest, men were busily employed in digging out what appeared to be huge blocks of asphalt, which were placed on barrows and transferred to carts for transportation to the boiling-house.

We descended from our conveyances; and, armed with long sticks like alpenstocks, and accompanied by some dozen or twenty negroes carrying planks, we proceeded to cross the lake;

an expedition not unattended with difficulty, the width of the crevices being sometimes considerably greater than the length of the planks on which we were to perform the somewhat perilous passage, and the negroes having to stand up to their waists or necks in the water in order to support them as best they could while we stepped across. We were fortunate in the fact that the sky was somewhat overcast, and that there was no sun visible; otherwise the glow from this black, Stygian area would have been the reverse of agreeable. Even as it was, the fumes of the sulphuretted hydrogen were almost overpowering, where the pitch or petroleum came bubbling up from somewhere in the nether world, bringing with it the most volcanic smells as a kind of token of what was going on down below. So mixed was the pitch with oil and water, that it was easy to pick it up in one's hand and knead it into a ball like bread; and, what was still more curious, one could defy the truth of the old adage and touch pitch without being defiled. The children and I amused ourselves by making several balls of pitch; and yet our fingers remained as clean as possible. In some places the condition of the black mass over which we were passing was almost alarming; for if we stood still for a moment we began to sink deeply into the mud, and to feel hotter and hotter, till it seemed as if we might all be gradually sucked into one of these little tar-fountains, and remain there for the rest of our natural lives.



Crossing on the Planks, Pitch Lake.

It took us about two hours to cross the lake, stopping at various islands on the way, and collecting many curious plants.

On both shores of the lake women were washing clothes and men were digging out pitch close to the borders, where it had become sufficiently hard. It was evident that a small colony of people derived their living from the lake and its surroundings —and a very good living too, according to the statement of Mr. McCarthy's agent: the work being not nearly so unpleasant as the descriptions which I had previously read had led me to believe.

The sun was now getting high in the heavens, and occasionally shining fiercely through the clouds; and we were glad to get off the black glistening surface of the Pitch Lake, and to regain the very comparative repose—for the jolting was frightful—of our cart once more. On our way back to the shore we met Tom, who had remained on board the yacht this morning, and who was now walking up to see the boiler-works, belonging to a company, where the raw pitch is transformed into asphalt suitable for road-paving and other purposes, and where the most beautiful snowy-white candles imaginable are also produced from the very black and uninviting-looking compound of which the lake is composed.

While resting under the shade of a sort of small venta, and refreshing myself with some oranges, I heard a little noise above me, and, to my astonishment, saw four bright green and blue lories, a species of parrot, seated in a row on a beam which supported the thatch of the roof-tree. They seemed as tame as possible, ate out of my hand, and chattered volubly in Spanish.

We went on board to breakfast, and steamed slowly along the coast, in order to see some of its beauties. We had not time to go as far as Point Icacos, and had to return to San Fernando, the second principal town of Trinidad, in order to go, by the special train that had been provided for us, to the sugar *usine* at Santa Maddalena. The railway was a curious little single line, passing through sugar-estates for almost the entire distance with nothing to break the monotony of the scene but a few palm-trees, clumps of bamboos, or dead trees, in which "Johnny Crows" sat perched, like black statues.

Arrived at Santa Maddalena, we were received by Mr. Abel, the very civil manager of the works, who showed and explained to us the whole process of sugar-making from beginning to end. The canes are brought up in railway-trucks, and are then passed between a succession of rollers to be crushed; the women who perform the operation of feeding the rollers with canes

guiding the latter as much by means of their feet as of their hands. The canes undergo a great deal of crushing and several subsequent boiling processes; the syrup being pumped up and down in order to crystallize it and to get rid of the molasses; until finally what a few minutes before we had seen enter in the form of whole sugar-canes came out looking exactly like coffee-sugar; the refuse, by a most ingenious arrangement of machinery, going to feed the furnaces. The heat of the boiling-houses was frightful, and the smell of rum and molasses quite overpowering; so that I was thankful when I could feel that we had done our duty and had seen the entire process of sugar-

SANTA MADDALENA.

making from beginning to end; although doubtless it undergoes some further refining or cleansing before it is fit for the European market.

In order to save us from the fatigue of a long hot walk, our tramcar had been sent to meet us; but on its way it had unfortunately run off the line. This mishap caused a very long delay; but ultimately, with the help of many coolies and negroes, armed with crowbars, jacks, and levers, the car was lifted on to the rails again; and we proceeded in it on our return journey through the sugar-cane fields, where the fire-flies were flitting and dancing and hovering as usual. Arrived at San Fernando, we found a large crowd assembled, all anxious to see us. The manager of the railway and several other people

came on board with us, and were much delighted to have the opportunity of seeing the yacht, of which most of them had read, and about which they knew a great deal more than I should have expected.

Thursday, November 1*st.*—We left the yacht at six and started at 7 a.m., in a saloon carriage attached to a special train, through the high woods towards Port of Spain. We passed at first over a somewhat flat, marshy country, full of curious plants that were strangers to me, and inhabited by a great many wild-fowl, scarlet ibises, sea-fowl, and some black and yellow birds, the names of which I have forgotten. The vegetable "walls" of the virgin forest on either side of the line were so thick that it was impossible to see the marvels that were doubtless concealed beyond them. Nothing can give so really good an idea of the scene as the description of Kingsley's *At Last;* though I think that, perhaps, as a rule, he raises the expectations of his readers almost too high.

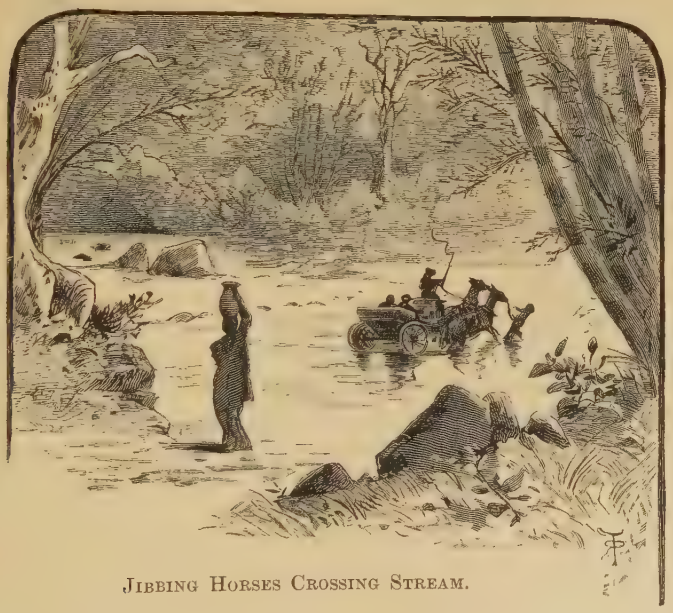
". . . You will be struck with the variety of the vegetation, and will recollect what you have often heard, that social plants are rare in the tropical forests. Certainly they are rare in Trinidad, where the only instances of social trees are the Moras (which I have never seen growing wild), and the Moriche palms. In Europe, a forest is usually made up of one dominant plant of firs or of pines, of oaks or of beeches, of birch or of heather. Here no two plants seem alike. . . . Stems rough, smooth, prickly, round, fluted, stilted, upright, sloping, branched, arched, jointed, opposite-leaved, alternate-leaved, leafless, or covered with leaves of every conceivable pattern, are jumbled together, till the eye and brain are tired of continually asking 'What next?' The stems are of every colour—copper, pink, grey, green, brown, black as if burnt, marbled with lichens, many of them silvery white, gleaming afar in the bush, furred with mosses and delicate creeping film-ferns, or laced with the air-roots of some parasite aloft."

The drive through the town of Port of Spain is always interesting. The "Johnny Crows" alone are an inexhaustible fund of amusement; especially on an extra hot day like this, when they fluff and plume and dust themselves without cessation; except when they hang themselves out—not to dry, but to cool—from some convenient perch: assuming all the time the most extraordinary attitudes and conducting themselves generally in an absurd and eccentric manner. As soon as we emerge on the road which runs along the sea-shore, we were met and refreshed by a delicious sea-breeze, which made the drive, with the sparkling blue sea on one side, the tropical vegetation on the other, and the hills and mountains in the distance, towards the centre of the island, altogether delightful.

It was pleasant indeed to escape from the burning rays of a tropical sun into the cold umbrageous forests and shady glades, where new wonders of every kind met our admiring gaze.

Sir Joseph Needham has been trying for years to improve this tract of land by judicious clearing and replanting; so that, as the trees die down, others may grow up to replace them. His efforts have been attended with the most satisfactory results; and his estates are now not only by far the largest in Trinidad, but his plantations are in the best order, and the produce—whether of tree or shrub, plant or tuber, creeper or cane—is amongst the finest in the island. Next to sugar, cacao is the most important production of Trinidad. The quantity of sugar exported from the island in 1881 was 98,000,000 lbs., of the value of £694,000; that of cacao, 11,474,000 lbs., valued at £290,000. Over 52,000 acres of ground were under cultivation for sugar in 1879, and about half that extent for cacao and coffee. When cut open, the interior of the cacao pod is found to be filled with small black seeds, from fifty to a hundred in number, imbedded in what looks like custard, which, when quite fresh, tastes like the most delicious lemon ice-cream, with a delicate *soupçon* of vanilla-chocolate. A good deal of coffee is grown in Trinidad, 144,000 lbs. having been exported in 1881; but it is not so important an item of production as sugar or cacao; and we had already seen a much larger plantation in Brazil, when we visited Baron Bonito's *fazenda* at Santa Anna, during our stay at Rio de Janeiro, in 1877. The leaves of the coffee-shrub are of a rich dark glossy green; the flowers, which grow in dense white clusters, when in full bloom, giving the bushes the appearance of being covered with snow. The berries vary in colour from pale green to reddish orange or dark red, according to their ripeness, and bear a strong resemblance to cherries. Each contains two seeds, which, when properly dried, become what is known to us as "raw" coffee. In Trinidad, as also on the large Brazilian estates, the berries are simply dried in the sun, and are afterwards passed through a mill, which crushes the shells and allows the separation of the seeds. A more elaborate system is adopted in some other places. The outer pulp of the berries is removed by a machine called a pulper; the mucilaginous matter that remains is soaked off by immersion in water; and the parchment-like film that surrounds the dried seeds is removed by means of a mill and a winnowing-machine.

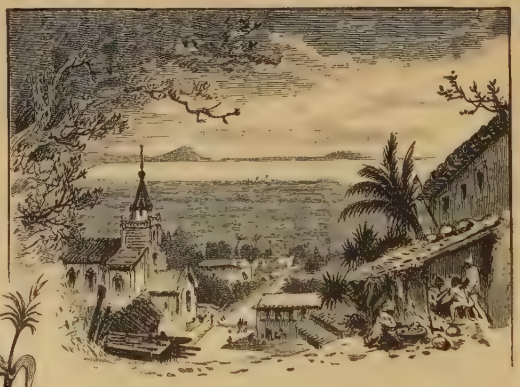
It was quite dusk before we commenced our homeward journey. Our horses were tired, in spite of their long rest; and the difficulties we met with in getting to the main road were numerous and laughable. Sometimes our steeds would gallop for a short distance, and then suddenly stop; sometimes we stuck in the middle of a stream, with one wheel of the carriage high on a boulder, and the other in a deep hollow; sometimes we ran up a bank, and sometimes we were turned out altogether: but ultimately we succeeded in reaching the main road, and all was plain sailing till we got to Port of Spain, where we lost no time in returning on board, as thoroughly tired out as we ever felt in our lives.



JIBBING HORSES CROSSING STREAM.

Friday, November 2nd.—We landed at seven o'clock and found carriages awaiting us, in which we drove with Captain and Mrs. Baker to see the Maraccas Falls, about thirteen miles from Port of Spain. San Josef is the ancient capital of Trinidad, and is celebrated as the scene of the final struggle between Raleigh and Berreos, which resulted in the capture of the latter. The church, as seen through some fine silk cotton trees, is picturesque, and the view from the interesting churchyard over the plain beneath is very fine. To-day being All Saints' Day, we passed a large number of people on the road, driving, riding,

and walking in the direction of the churchyard, bearing wreaths and garlands of flowers to be laid on the graves of their relatives and friends. One poor girl had been carried all the way from a village beyond Maraccas. She was dying of fever; and her friends, of whom about forty accompanied her, took it by turns to carry the hammock along the hot dusty road, in order that she might be enabled to perform the pious duty of placing



San Josef.

her floral offerings on her mother's last resting-place, near which her own would probably ere long be. It was a touching sight. She looked so young and gentle, her brown skin was so clear, her dark eyes so large and lustrous—rendered unnaturally bright by the fever which was inwardly consuming her, and which brought a hectic flush to her poor wan cheeks!

As we approached the falls the scenery became more and more enchanting, and, if possible, even more tropical in character, the humming-birds increasing in number the higher we mounted. A sharp turn round a projecting rock brought us face to face with the Falls of Maraccas themselves, which consist of a veil of sparkling spray, falling from a height of 340 feet over a steep precipice, clothed from top to bottom with the most luxuriant foliage and vegetation imaginable. The shady forest was delightfully cool in comparison with the dusty road; and by the side of the fall the air was so fresh, even to chilliness, that, agreeable as it was at first, we felt glad to get back into the sunshine after a little while.

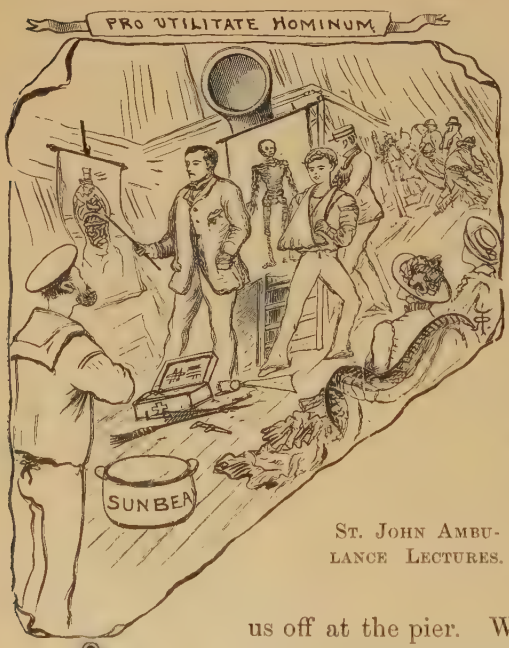
A little rest and refreshment under the trees at the police-station, while the horses were being changed, were most acceptable. How unlike one's preconceived ideas of an ordinary police-station was this romantic cottage, not only near, but actually in a wood! During the halt we were surrounded by the very few inhabitants of the valley, laden with baskets of luscious fruit and bright flowers, which they were only too glad to dispose of in exchange for a few small coins, and with which we filled our carriage; so that, as we passed swiftly through the now deliciously cool night air, we left behind us a stream of sweet odours—at least so we were assured by those who followed us.

Saturday, November 3rd.—It was quite a relief, on waking this morning, to think that, instead of having to start off somewhere on an early expedition, we had arranged, in spite of many invitations, to have a comparatively quiet morning on board; though there was plenty to be done in the way of settling up accounts, writing farewell letters, and getting things ready for the homeward mail. Mr. Prestoe, from the botanic gardens, brought off a real clothes-basketful of his choicest specimens of exquisitely beautiful orchids and rare blossoms, some of which would be worth almost a king's ransom in England at this or indeed at any time of the year.

The Governor having been so good as to send his steam-launch for us, we went ashore, to breakfast with the rest of the party, make our last purchases, and to perform the much less agreeable duty of bidding our last farewells to those who, though we had only known them for a week, had already come to be regarded, owing to the great kindness they had shown to us, as friends of much longer standing. Prince Henry and the other officers of the *Olga* embarked at two o'clock; and the frigate weighed anchor at three, though she did not actually sail till an hour later, some time being occupied in swinging at the buoy, in order to adjust her compasses.

At four o'clock an interesting and encouraging inaugural meeting was held in the Council Chamber of Port of Spain, for the purpose of establishing a centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, under the presidency of Mr. Pyne, the Colonial Secretary, in the unavoidable absence of the Governor. While at sea Dr. Hudson gave frequent ambulance lectures to the crew of the *Sunbeam*, which were highly appreciated. The Council Chamber is a spacious apartment, with the most

enormous round table that I ever beheld, in the middle, furnished with the usual supply of inkstands, pens, blotting-books, and large sheets of foolscap paper, in readiness for a meeting. I think that few things strike one so much on first coming to the tropics, as the utter bareness of all the interiors, from the Emperor's palace, or the Governor's residence—as the case may be—downwards. The rooms contain not a scrap of superfluous furniture, and not a hanging nor a mat that is is not absolutely wanted. A West Indian boudoir, crammed with upholstery and "curios"—as our boudoirs are—would very speedily become an ark, unpleasantly full of all manner of creeping things.



St. John Ambulance Lectures.

We embarked at half-past five: many friends coming to see us off at the pier. We were soon swiftly gliding away from the Port of Spain, along the shores of the beautiful Island of Trinidad. Never shall we forget the spot where we have beheld so much that is majestic and picturesque. Despite the pains I have taken to observe carefully all that was best worth seeing during our brief visit, everything has been so varied, so novel, and so strange to me, that my mind almost fails to grasp the full significance of the scenes on which I have gazed; and I can only reflect with feelings of admiration on all the lavish loveliness of nature, and wonder if it be possible that anything can exist more enchanting in this fair world of ours.

Sunday, November 4th.—The sunrise this morning was marvellously fine. At eight a.m. we found ourselves in sight of

the Testigos Islands. The sky was cloudless, as usual; and as we were steaming before a light wind, the full power of the sun was felt. At the western extremity Mount Marana rises to a height of 3,000 feet.

My purchases from the coolie-women on Sir Joseph Needham's estate include a gold necklet, which would favourably compare in workmanship with many of the gold ornaments from the ancient tombs of the Incas of Peru, and two silver bracelets of a sort of treble-curb-chain pattern, ornamented with dragon heads, by means of which they can also be transformed into a necklace if desired. The bracelets are wonderful specimens of work, and are very old and difficult to procure.

Group on Quarter Deck.

Some of the other things that have been given us are very interesting. The ordinary grass hammocks are made principally by the Indians of the upper Orinoco, and are very comfortable to sleep in, with the addition of a rug as a protection from the hard knots. With a pole through the loops at the top, and resting on four cross-pieces—the supports being carefully inserted in old preserved meat tins filled with water—you can sleep in such a hammock in tolerable security from any insects, except those that fall from the roof overhead, or the tree above you, according as you elect to sleep under the blue vault of heaven—for the sake of fresh air, facing possible, but unknown, dangers—or in the far greater security, but closer atmosphere, of a house. My collection of gifts included some curious little opossums, with very long tails, which they use in the same

manner as does a kangaroo. Another of my acquisitions is a pretty little grey monkey; and the forecastle is, I believe, quite full of parrots, green and yellow lories, and all sorts of small coloured birds. Our live-stock includes several ducks, some chickens, so small that it is difficult to keep them inside the coops; and sheep, of which six go in the space usually devoted to two. Altogether we had quite a long afternoon's inspection of all the pets. The quarter-deck looks unusually picturesque, with hammocks slung under the boom, foreign bird-cages hung up in convenient spots, animals of all sorts disporting themselves, and ladies and children in bright dresses sitting about; while from the rigging are suspended bananas, cocoa-nuts, and fruit of various kinds and brilliant colours.

GOOD FRIDAY.

OUR souls are burdened with grieving,
Our eyes are heavy with tears,
As the meaning of what our ransom cost
Grows deeper with passing years—
Of all that the world's Redeemer
Suffered, with want and scorn,
That pierced His desolate, loving heart
As His forehead the crown of thorn.

We sang on His birthday morning,
And our hearts were light and glad;
But we follow to crucifixion,
And our hearts are sore and sad.
Oh, love—past understanding!
Oh, mercy—gracious and free!
That Christ, the glory of heaven and earth,
Should stoop to such ministry!

Despised, rejected, forsaken,
No place for His weary head,
No rest on earth for its Master
Till He found it with the dead!
What wonder the sky was darkened,
And angels veiled their eyes?
While voices that sang at His lowly birth
Were dumb in a dread surprise.

* * * * * *

O hearts! at whose door He's pleading
For entrance and love to-day,
Take heed, lest ye with the selfsame scorn
Are grieving his steps away.

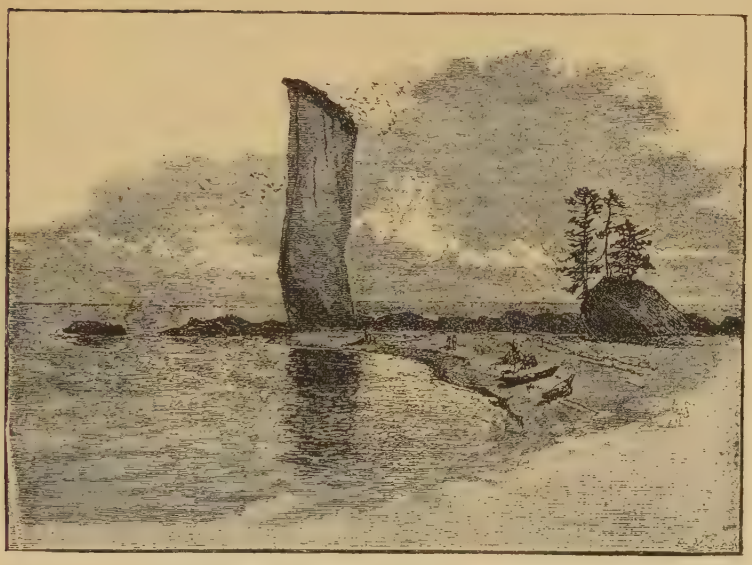
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.



NATURE'S MONUMENT, CANADIAN PACIFIC COAST.
(From "Canadian Pictures"—Religious Tract Society.)

THE first sight of any great feature of nature—as the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Prairies, the Rockies, the Pacific—cannot fail to kindle somewhat the imagination. Yet the aspect of the waters of the Pacific, at Port Moody, was prosaic in the extreme—a dull cloudy sky, a lead-coloured expanse of unruffled water, a background of fire-swept hills, with a few straggling houses; that was the picture. The appearance of things improved as we dropped down the harbour to Vancouver city. The shores became bolder; the forest of Douglas firs fresher in verdure and more stupendous in size; the water deeper, clearer, bluer. Vancouver city was all bustle and activity. Within about three months since the fire four hundred houses had been erected; many of them, of course, very flimsy, and a sad proportion of them drinking saloons. I met on the wharf the Rev. Mr. Hall, of our own Church, who had lost

everything by the fire. But a new church, 30 by 65, had already been erected, and church and school were in full operation. I was told some harrowing stories about the appalling suddenness and utter destructiveness of the calamity. The dry wooden town burned like tinder, and twenty-four charred bodies were found among the ruins. The place is evidently destined to be a large and busy port, and an important *entrepot* of the trade with Australia, China, and Japan.

The sail across the noble Gulf of Georgia to Vancouver Island was very exhilarating. So solitary was it that it seemed as if

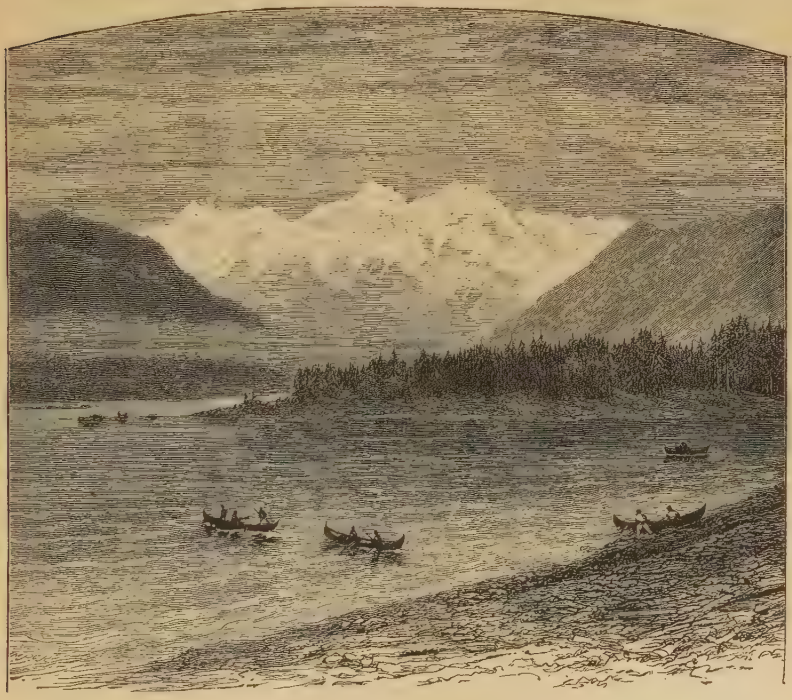
> We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.

But as we threaded a maze of islands the cheerful signs of habitation were seen, and as we entered at night the beautiful harbour of Victoria, the far-gleaming electric lights, quivering on the water, gave evidence of the latest triumphs of civilization in this westernmost Ultima Thule of Canada. As an illustration of the polyglot population of these shores, I may mention that a Negro, a Chinaman, and a Siwash Indian prepared dinner on the steamer for a company representing many countries, provinces and states.

The Eastern tourist is first struck with the exceedingly bland atmosphere of Vancouver Island. Though the month was October, the air was balmy, the sun warm, the foliage green, and the roses, pinks, and dahlias were in full bloom in the gardens. At the pleasant home of the Rev. William Pollard, who is held in loving memory by many in old Canada, and who made many inquiries after his old friends, I was presented with one of the most lovely and fragrant bouquets of roses I ever saw. The streets, banks, hotels, public buildings and private residences of Victoria would do credit to many an older and larger city. Our own church is handsome and commodious, and was undergoing improvement and the addition of a new brick school-room. I found the memory of the Revs. Dr. Evans, Dr. Lachlan Taylor, D. V. Lucas, Thomas Derrick and others, living in the hearts of the people in imperishable regard. It was also my pleasure to meet some kinsfolk of my own in this far-off corner of the world. To the Rev. W. Percival, pastor of this most important Methodist church on the West Coast, I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness for much kindness and generous hospitality. I had the pleasure of twice preaching to large and intelligent congregations, of attending two Chinese

services and one Indian Sunday-school, during a busy Sunday in this Western city. The chief glory of Victoria is the delightful drives in its vicinity. There does not appear to be the same feverish rush of business as in the East, if one might judge from the large turn-out of carriages at an open-air concert on Beacon Hill, given by the band of the flag-ship of Her Majesty's North Pacific Squadron.

My genial friend, Rev. W. Percival, drove me out to the naval station at Esquimault by a most romantic road. A long arm



The Olympian Range, from Esquimault.

of the sea penetrates far inland, and between densely-wooded banks the tide swirls in and out with tremendous force. The varied view of sea and land, obtained from a lofty knoll, with, in the distance, beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the pearly opalescent range of the Olympian Mountains, was one of the most exquisite I ever saw. The clouds above were gorgeous with purple, rose pink, silver grey and glowing gold, while the far-shimmering, sunset-tinted mountain-peaks seemed too ethereal for earth. They were surely like the gates of pearl and walls of precious stones of the New Jerusalem.

The harbour at Esquimault, three miles from Victoria, is one of the finest in the world. It is the rendezvous of the North Pacific Squadron, and has a magnificent new dry dock, 400 feet long, of solid stone, with iron gates. Several war-vessels were at anchor, including the flag-ship—a huge sea-kraken—painted white, I suppose to secure greater coolness between decks during her tropical cruise. As we were too late to go on board, Mr. Percival kindly arranged a pleasant family excursion for Monday morning. To a landsman the exploration of one of these floating forts is full of interest. Everything was as clean and bright as holy-stone or rubbing could make them—the decks, the brass mountings, the burnished arms, down to the buttons on the smart uniforms of the marines. A courteous orderly conducted us everywhere, from the captain's cabin to the cooks' galley, and explained the operation of the big breech-loading battery, of the torpedos, and of the tremendous engines of the ship. Between decks was a perfect arsenal, with cannon, stands of muskets, cutlasses, revolvers, and bayonets on every side. The hammocks were all trussed up and stowed along the bulwarks during the day. We saw only one slung, and that was in the hospital, where a sick cadet was swinging at his ease. One thing excited my amazement. A bugle call rang shrilly and a boatswain piped all hands to grog. A man from each mess scurried with alacrity and a tin can—that is a fine zeugma for you—to a big tub of very strong-smelling Jamaica rum, where a generous libation was dipped into each can. We were told that a sailor might commute his grog for a penny or two a day—but they all seemed to prefer the rum. Strange that the naval authorities should thus ply the jack-tars with temptation and then punish them for indulging beyond the regulation allowance when they go ashore. On our way home we met three jolly tars, for whom the road seemed too narrow as they swaggered from side to side.

The Church owes an important duty to these homeless sea-dogs, who swarm in every port, for whom the vilest temptations are spread the moment they set a foot ashore. Mr. Percival seemed quite intimate with some of the men, who attend the services of our Church. He has had considerable experience of this sort at the large naval stations of Bermuda, St John's, Newfoundland, and here at Great Britain's farthest western naval depot. In no Church in the world, I think, but our own, could a man receive such widely-sundered appointments as those under the autonomy of the same body.

The very day that I landed in Victoria the Vancouver Island Railway was formally opened as far as the great coaling harbour of Nanaimo, and the scream of the iron horse awoke the immemorial echoes of the forest primeval. To my great regret, however, my time was so limited that I could not make the run to see my old comrade and college friend, the Rev. E. Robson, now the oldest Methodist missionary, I think, on the Pacific Coast.

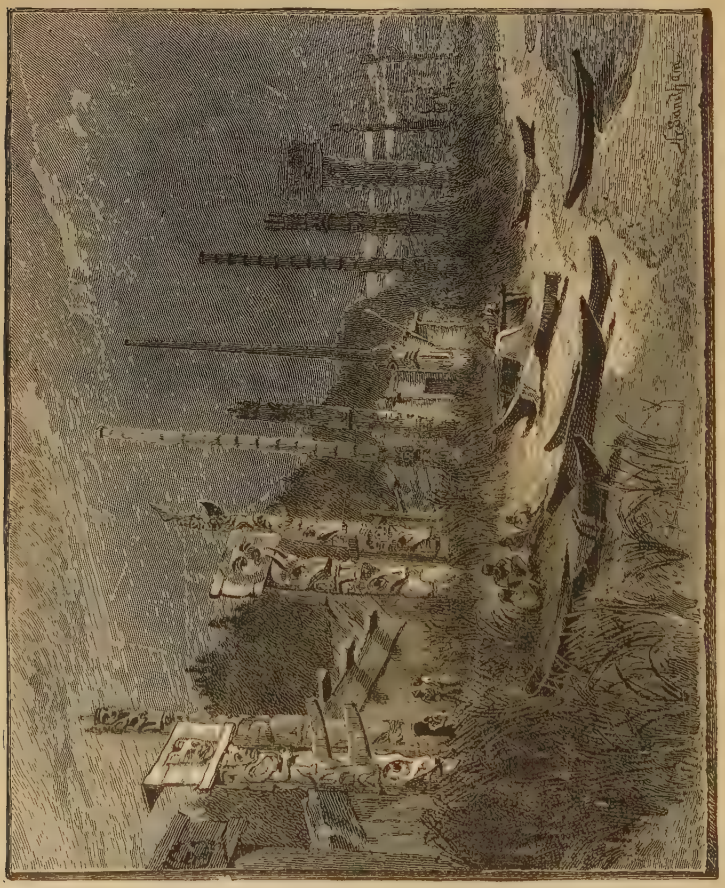
One of the most striking features of Victoria is the large number of Chinese. They swarm everywhere. In all the streets you meet their blue blouses, thick shoes and long queues. They seem to do most of the burden-bearing of the city, with big baskets at the ends of bamboo poles across their shoulders. They keep many of the small huxter-shops. They do most of the market gardening. They are the almost exclusive servants of the hotels and private houses. Whole streets are given up to their stores and dwellings. One of these is named Cormorant Street, not from the exorbitant nature of their charges, as I partly apprehended, but from the name of one of Her Majesty's ships of war. Occasionally may be seen the dumpy, waddling figures of the few Chinese women of the city, with very shiny hair, rich silk pelisses with wide sleeves in which in cold weather their hands disappear, with very wide trousers, and thick-soled embroidered shoes. Their faces are often quite pretty, with bright almond-shaped eyes and an innocent, almost infantile expression of countenance, though many of them are said to be anything but innocent.

The little children are the funniest of all—like miniature men and women, with their pigtails, and blouses, and pelisses, and thick shoes, that clatter like clogs as they walk along the sidewalk. Their parents seem very fond of them. I shook hands with one old-fashioned little thing, whereupon its father told it to make me a bow, which it did repeatedly very prettily.

In the Hudson Bay Company's fine store I met a very intelligent Chinaman. I asked him where I could get Chinese curios and the like. He wrote his address in an excellent hand and invited me to call at his store. I did so and was very courteously received. He offered me a fine Manilla cigar, which I declined. The only cigar I regret not having accepted was one offered me by General Grant; I would have kept it as a souvenir of the greatest soldier of his age. My Chinese friend

showed me some exquisite carved ivory and the like, quite too expensive for my purse, however.

I was struck with a curious illustration of Chinese respect for letters. At almost every corner was a painted box affixed to the wall, to receive, I was told, scraps of paper picked up off the street, that they might not be trodden under foot.



INDIAN VILLAGE, WITH TOTEM POLES.

One of the most curious places I visited was a so-called joss-house. It was gorgeously fitted up in exceedingly bizarre and barbaric pomp, with stands of gilt halberts and swords, a huge embroidered silk umbrella with deep fringe, gay lanterns, banners, and shrines with wonderful carved dragons and high reliefs of tilt and tourney, representing the exploits of the mythological warriors, I was told, of seven thousand years ago.

The Chinese I found very courteous and anxious to give any information in their power. This they do in loud explosive tones, in broken English, with frequent inquiries of "*Sabe?*" a Spanish word, which they use for "Do you understand?" In the joss-house just mentioned, I observed a large figure in a sort of shrine, with the hand raised as if in benediction. I asked the caretaker or priest, or whatever he was, if this was Buddha. He replied, Yes. I then asked who a black-faced figure by his side was. He replied, "Big man, him big boss, oder man help him. Sabe?" I inquired what certain cups and vessels and lamps before the shrine were for. "Me feed him, me warm him," he answered; "me give him tea and food. Sabe? Man no sick, do well, make good sale, him pay one dollah, two dollah, four bit to feed him. Sabe?" and he showed the book in which the subscriptions were recorded. "Him pay well, help him good," said my guide. "Allee time good, go up. Bad man, go down." I asked him if he had heard of Jesus Christ. "Yes, yes," he exclaimed. "Him allee same Jesus Chlist," and he pointed to the image, whose gorgeous surroundings he said were to "make look plitty" (pretty). I was haunted all the time with the feeling that here in the heart of our Christian civilization was a fragment of that vast system of paganism to which well-nigh one-third of our race is in bondage.

Mr. Vrooman, our Chinese missionary, tells a good story which illustrates the appreciation even of the "heathen Chinee" of the obligations of Christianity. Mr. Vrooman, who is also a Customs official, had shown some courtesy to a couple of Chinamen, when one of them offered him a cigar, whereupon the other interposed to prevent him, saying, "Him no smokee. Him Jesus man." Would that all Jesus men came up to the expectations of this poor pagan.

Some of the Chinese are very wealthy, and some of them have superior administrative and executive ability. I conversed with one on the railway train who told me that he had charge of the construction of a section of the railway and employed five hundred Chinamen. He paid them from four bits—50 cents—to $1.50 a day. He professed to be somewhat of a phrenologist, and criticised with much shrewdness and humour the heads of the passengers.

I was greatly interested in one stout old fellow going to Cariboo, where he told me he had three hundred Chinamen

washing gold for him. Wah Lee was his name. He was reputed to be worth $70,000. He was taking home with him a new wife, a pretty little creature about four feet high. She wore—this is for my lady readers—a pale pink silk tunic with dark skirt and very wide silk trousers—I know no other name for them—and dainty embroidered shoes with thick white soles. She wore an over pelisse of dark blue figured silk, with a striped border of old gold and black. Her hair, which was very black, was smoothly parted—ever so much prettier than the "bangs"—and she wore no head covering but a very bright-coloured coronet of artificial flowers. She looked like a pretty doll. She was accompanied by her sister, a fat little dumpling of ten years. Both carried handsome fans.

The old fellow told me, without any reserve, his whole domestic history. He was fifty-three years of age, had a wife in China and a son aged thirty. His old wife would not come out to him, so she had sent him a new one. He had paid $280 for her. She was seventeen years of age; the little sister was thrown into the bargain. He wore a handsome silk fur-lined pelisse, which was worth, he said, $60. He told me also the cost of his wife's jewellery, but I forget the particulars.

The little bride, I am afraid, was not in love with her liege lord. When he went into the dining-car for supper she refused to follow him, but lay with her pretty little head on the hard arm of the seat, declining to speak. I should say, in English, that she was in a fit of the sulks; and small blame to her, as the man who had purchased her, as he would a dog or a horse, was an obese and ugly fellow thrice her age. I suggested that she would be more comfortable by changing her position so that every passer-by would not brush against her dainty flower-crowned head, but he replied with indifference, "O, she all lite"—*i.e.*, "all right." And yet one-third of all the women of the race are the victims of a bondage often as cruel as that—often much more so—for she was a rich man's purchased pet, while most of the Chinese women in America, and many in their own land, are the slaves of the vilest tyranny of body and soul that words can express or mind conceive. Here is work for Christian women on behalf of their heathen sisters—to reach them in their degradation, to clothe them with the virtues of Christianity, to raise them to the dignity of true womanhood, to the fellowship of saints.

I am glad that the Methodist Church has entered the open

door of opportunity thus set before it in the city of Victoria. I had the pleasure of twice attending the services of the Chinese Methodist Mission, and was greatly impressed with the value of the good work being done. When Dr. Sutherland was in Victoria in 1885 he baptized and received into Church membership eleven Chinese converts. These, I found, I think without exception, amid discouragements and persecution, holding fast to their Christian profession.

A most valuable missionary has been found in Mr. Vrooman, an accomplished Chinese scholar, who devotes himself with enthusiasm to the work. It was very impressive to hear him go over with his Chinese congregation the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in both English and Chinese, and to hear them sing the familiar doxology and such hymns as "Blest be the tie that binds," and others, in their strange foreign tongue. I had the privilege of addressing, through him, this interesting congregation. On being introduced to several of them they exhibited much intelligence and thankful appreciation of the provision made for their religious and secular instruction. It is a remarkable fact, that the attendance at the purely religious, meetings is much larger than that at the classes for secular instruction.

The large number of Indians on the Pacific Coast presents another important element in the missionary problem in that country. Though by no means as a whole a very high type of humanity, they are yet much superior to the plain Indians whom I saw. There is a little cove in Victoria harbour where the boats of the West Coast Indians most do congregate. These are large, strong canoes, each hewn out of a single log. Many of them will carry a dozen persons or more. In the National Museum at Washington is one from Alaska over sixty feet long and five or six feet wide. In these they sail for hundreds of miles along the coast, fishing, sealing, and hunting, and bringing the result of their industry to Victoria for barter. The chief peril they encounter at sea is that their wooden craft may split from stem to stern through the force of the waves. These dug-outs are fantastically carved and painted. Several of them lay in the little cove just mentioned, their owners sound asleep or basking half-awake in the sun. The men have short squat figures and broad flat faces, with a thick thatch of long black hair, both head and feet being bare. The women wear bright parti-coloured shawls, and frequently a profusion of rings, necklaces and other cheap jewellery. I saw

some with rings in the nose and copper bracelets on their arms. A little family group were roasting and eating mussels on the rocks. A not uncomely Indian woman gave me some. They were not at all unpalatable, and if one only had some salt and bread, would make a very good meal. But roast mussel alone was rather unappetising fare. A pretty black-eyed child was playing with a china doll, and another had a little toy rabbit. It is quite common to see these Indian women squatting patiently on the sidewalk hour after hour—time is a commodity of which they seem to have any quantity at their disposal.

It is among these poor creatures, too often the prey of the white man's vices and the victims of the white man's diseases, that some of the most remarkable missionary triumphs on this continent have been achieved. I have previously briefly referred to these, but I expect to present a much fuller account from the pen of the Rev. W. Percival, of Victoria. The totem poles shown in one of our engravings are not the "idols" of the Indian tribes, as has been asserted, but their family crests. The Indians have quite a heraldry of their own, and some of the carvings are certainly as grotesque as any of the dragons, griffins or wyverns of the Garter-King-at-Arms.

Few things exhibit stronger evidence of the transforming power of Divine grace than the contrast between the Christian life and character of the converted Indians and the squalor and wretchedness of the still pagan Indians on the reserve near the city.

In company with the Rev. Mr. Percival, to whose unwearying kindness my visit to Victoria owes much of its pleasure and profit, I visited this village. The house, like most of the Indian lodges on the West Coast, was a large house of logs with slab roof, occupied in common by several families, each with its own fire upon the bare earth floor and its own domestic outfit. This is very meagre—a few woven mats, a bed upon a raised dais, a few pots and pans. As we entered, a low plaintive croon or wail greeted our ears. This we found came from a forlorn-looking woman in wretched garb, crouching beside a few embers. As we drew near she lapsed into sullen silence, from which no effort could move her.

Yet that these poor people have their tender affections we saw evidence in the neighbouring graveyard, in the humble attempts to house and protect the graves of their dead. I noticed one pathetic memorial of parental affection in a little house with a glass window, on which was written the tribute

of love and sorrow, "In memory of Jim." Within was a child's carriage, dusty and time-stained, doubtless the baby carriage of Jim. An instinct old as humanity, yet ever new, led the sorrowing parents to devote what was most precious to the memory of their child.

In one respect many of the white population of Victoria seem to require evangelistic effort as much as either Indians or Chinese. I have seen few cities with so large a number of places for the sale of liquor, and such places must have a large number of patrons. During the palmy days of gold-mining at Cariboo, miners used, during the winter, to swarm into Victoria by the thousand—many of them squandering their hard-earned nuggets in drinking, gambling, and carousing. Those days are gone forever; but they left a residuum of vice that will require all the counter influence of religious and temperance effort to overcome. Nor are such efforts wanting. My last evening in Victoria was spent at a meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union—which has there a vigorous branch. It had just been enjoying a visit from Miss Willard and our Canadian Mrs. Yeomans, who both did valiant service for the cause of truth and righteousness. After bidding the zealous ladies of the W. C. T. U. God-speed in their holy work, I went on board the steamer at eleven o'clock, and before morning was far out on the Gulf of Georgia.

AT EASTER-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE S. BROWN.

At Easter-tide the sun's bright rays
With splendour crown the lengthening days;
The crocus, gay in gleaming gold,
Defies the ling'ring winter's cold,
Brave songsters pipe their merry lays.

The long pent streams in freedom plays,
Verdant are fields, and road-side ways,
New life thrills through the fresh clad world,
At Easter-tide.

As voices sweet the anthem raise,
We listen to the peaceful phrase;
Again we hear, as oft of old,
The blessed, Paschal story told,
Our hearts are filled with loving praise,
At Easter-tide.

AT THE ANTIPODES.

BY THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

IV. SOCIAL LIFE AND EDUCATION.

All the Australian Colonies, especially those of the mainland, suffer from a species of social determination of blood to the head. The population tends constantly to the capital, which attains a growth out of all proportion to the Colony at large. Even in Victoria this tendency is only partially corrected by the strong attraction of rich gold-fields, which naturally become the habitat of large populations. In South Australia this tendency is very marked. Adelaide is not only the first city of the Colony; it is the only one. After it you drop at once to places not bigger in point of population than many of our English villages. Yet it is only fair to acknowledge that the resemblance of such towns as Gawler and Kapunda to English villages, does not appear except in the sparseness of the population. There is about the sleepiest of these little townships a vigour and dash which would startle a Dorsetshire or Westmoreland village. There is an urban rather than a rustic air about them. Two or three very decent hotels send their omnibuses to meet the train. Half a dozen banks (banking prevails to a wonderful extent in the Colonies) have branch establishments here, many of them located in handsome buildings. The shops, or "stores," are amazing for their size and for the variety of goods they offer, and for the extent of their windows. There are generally churches of rather too many religious denominations. The "Institute" is almost always to be found, with its comfortable lecture-hall—invariably furnished with an expensive piano,—library, and reading-room; and occasionally some of the accommodation of a club: so that it can scarcely be said that there are any "villages" in Australia. The very name does not exist. The country is divided into "townships." And perhaps this title may be accepted as defining the character of the principal cluster of buildings in such an area; it is not quite what in England would be a town; it is certainly much beyond what in England would be a village.

Still in South Australia these places contain only small popu-

lations. I doubt whether there is one which can boast more than three thousand inhabitants; whereas Adelaide, with its suburbs, has some sixty thousand. In England, the combination of three or four provincial cities is sufficient to hold London in check, either politically or socially. But Adelaide has twenty times the population of its nearest rival, and contains about one-fifth of the population of the entire Colony—a state of things which may cause many anxious reflections to statesmen.

One certainly cannot wonder at people liking to live in Adelaide: it is a charming little city. It stands on a vast plain, the centre of the city crowning a very gentle slope. The city proper extends almost exactly a measured mile on each side. Within this space there are five noble "squares." The city is completely surrounded by a broad belt of park lands, on which no encroachment by building speculation is permitted. Through it are cut broad and well-kept roads, leading to the suburban townships immediately beyond the reserves. The streets are arranged on the painful rectangular pattern which is observable in nearly all American cities; but the moderate size of the city prevents this arrangement becoming so tiring to the eye as it is in larger places. The suburbs are full of life and activity, though almost entirely devoted to private residences on a larger or lesser scale. Each house has its garden-patch around it, and seems to peep modestly, almost shyly, at the by-passer from under its cool verandahs; and over all there rests a look of well-to-do contentment which it is very pleasant to notice. In the city proper there are several really noble streets. I am not sure that I can recall any city which of itself, apart from its surroundings, makes so pleasant an impression.

Adelaide, moreover, has one great advantage of which it is not yet getting the full benefit. Within some ten miles runs a line of bold and beautiful hills, called, after their central and highest point, the Mount Lofty Range. The winding of the way arranges the scenery in everchanging combinations with almost kaleidoscopic variety and suddenness. Now, from some sharp shoulder of a hill, you look over the pleasant plain which stretches away from your very feet, till it is bounded by the silver waters of Spencer Gulf. Again, you look hundreds of feet down into valleys whose steep sides are clothed with the dark green forest, save where some settler has a few acres of "clearing," which shines out a bright green patch, variegated

by the flowers that blow profusely in the garden, or by the blossoms of the fruit trees in the orchard.

A sharp dash up the last mile or two, on a steeper and rougher road, brings you to a plateau some two thousand three hundred feet above the sea level, from which one gains a view not often surpassed. In the distance is the shining gulf, with its shore-line clearly marked, and the small coast-towns dotted at several points along its margin. The little forest of masts tells you where Port Adelaide lies; the City of Adelaide is beneath your feet—every street is discernible, with its turrets and pinnacles, and its broad belt of well-wooded park lands forming a frame for the picture. In this range of hills a few of the wealthiest citizens of Adelaide have already placed their country residences, and very pleasant indeed it is to leave the plain with its thermometer marking 100° in the shade, and to reach within an hour a climate pleasant as that of an English June. Probably some system of "workmen's trains," running at cheap rates morning and evening, will enable many men whose work is in the city to secure in these hills for wife and children a cool climate and a modest home.

The "working-man" has no reason to complain of South Australia, even though the thermometer does at times register high temperature. Wages are very high and food is very cheap. With bread seldom dearer than the lower English prices; with beef and mutton at twopence halfpenny and threepence a pound; and with clothing not so much higher than English prices as to counterbalance the greater cheapness of food, the working-man who will keep clear of the "saloon" is almost certain to save money. Rent is much higher than in England; but the sober and saving man can very soon secure his own little allotment, and build his own house. The mistake which many emigrants make is, that as soon as they begin to receive the larger wages of the Colony, they adopt luxurious and expensive habits of which they would not have dreamed at home.

Meanwhile, the children will have advantages which would have been quite beyond their reach. No man need have any care in the Colonies as to the material future of his children. There are so many openings for the industrious and adaptable youth, that a father need only be anxious to train his children to be honest and capable, for he can then be quite sure that their path will be clear. One exception must be made to

this. They who are determined to work only with the pen, will find almost as great difficulty in getting work as they would in Europe.

The system of public education in South Australia is very excellent. It is under the charge of a Minister of the Crown; but the chief administration is in the hands of an Inspector-General. The gentleman who now holds that post, Mr. A. J. Hartley, is an old "Grove-boy," son of the highly-respected Governor at our Theological Institution, Birmingham. Schools are provided without stint; the revenues of the Colony bearing the charge of the buildings, and of a portion of the teachers' salaries; a small fee being paid by the parents. Four and a-half hours daily are devoted to secular instruction. Previous Bible-reading is not only permitted, but is enjoined when even a small number of parents "demand" it.

Bible-reading has, however, to contend against the indifference of some parents, the convenience of others (who want their children at home till the last moment), and with the children's love of play. In fact, there is scarcely any directly religious teaching in the day-schools of the Colony. At the same time, the educational system is not anti-religious, as it is in Victoria: and there is a very strong feeling that Bible-teaching, on the plan of the London School Board, should be introduced.

Secondary education is mainly in the hands of private persons, or of corporations unaided by the Government. The largest and most successful public school of the Colony is *Prince Alfred College*—the creation of the Methodist Church—and in every way creditable to those who, amidst not a few difficulties, have brought it to its present prosperity.

Beyond these again is the Adelaide University, which has its habitation in a very beautiful building. The University owes its existence mainly to the liberality of two wealthy colonists; and it will no doubt fulfil an important function. But at present it is little more than a large and promising sketch. There are several professors, with very comfortable salaries, but very few students. Meantime, the professors have ample opportunity for the pursuit of literature.

The religious aspect of the Colony is very pleasant. The principal evangelical denominations are well represented. Wesleyan Methodism is the most numerous community, and on the whole the most powerful. The Anglican Church is smaller, though it inherits a great deal of the social prestige which will

manifest itself wherever English communities are planted, however warmly in theory and practice State Churchism is abjured. A noticeable fact is the numerical force of two offshoots of Methodism: the "Primitives" and the "Bible Christians." In the case of the former this is owing to the fact that their work is treated as "*Missionary*," and is supported by considerable grants from the home Connexion. The result is, that frequently in a small population two or three feeble Methodist causes are maintained where there is scarcely room for one.

One is glad to see the respect paid by the mass of the people to the claims of religion, and to note its influence on the thought, feeling, and practice of the community. There is, indeed, a good deal of gambling and drinking, and something of that excessive thirst for pleasure which is far more noticeable in the life of the neighbouring Colony. But on the whole, the people of South Australia are a sober, intelligent, kindly and clean-living people, who may in these respects challenge comparison with any English community in any part of the world. This is no doubt partly owing to the influence of their newspapers. The two leading dailies, in spirit, enterprise and literary skill, would bear comparison with almost any of our provincial journals; and their tone is invariably in favour of that which is "pure and of good report." The South Australians are amongst the most hospitable people on the face of the earth; no visitor who has a trustworthy introduction can spend a few weeks with them, and leave them without feeling as if he were parting from old friends.

ECCE HOMO.

THE hands of the King are soft and fair;
They never knew labour's stain.
The hands of the Robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain.
But the hands of the Man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a King's may be.
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands;
For the world has made him free.
But Thy palms toil-worn by nails are torn,
O Christ, on Calvary!

INTERLEAVINGS FROM MY HYMN-BOOK.

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

"WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God."

This hymn, so pathetic in its earnest pleadings, was first published in the year 1747, in a six-penny pamphlet bearing the title: "Hymns for those that seek and those that have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ," and is unmistakeably the product of Charles Wesley's pen. It is reprinted as hymn 222 of the new Hymn-Book of our Church, exactly as it stood on page 25 of the dear old book. There are, however, two variations from the original copy, as represented by the first edition of 1747, both made by the Rev. John Wesley. The first was the substitution of *that* for *who* in the first line of the hymn, which originally read—

"Weary souls, *who* wander wide."

The second change was the substitution of the word *Find* for *Live* at the beginning of the fourth line of the third verse, which was at first written and printed—

"*Live* on earth the life of heaven."

The emendation is a happy one, as it not only avoids the repetition of the word *Live*, which begins the next line, but also suggests the idea of the *recovery* of the life of holiness which was lost in Paradise by the offence of our first parents—but regained for us by the death of Christ, and through faith in Him restored to each believing soul as "the earnest of our inheritance."

The key-note of the hymn, struck firmly by a master hand in the opening lines, is the recognition of the fact that God is the moral and spiritual centre of the universe, and that apart from Him—estranged from His blessed influence and guidance—no human soul can enjoy happiness or satisfaction:

"From Him departing, we are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope or end."

A kindred symphony comes down to us from the fifth century in the plaintive words of Augustine, the celebrated Bishop of Hippo (now Bona, in Algeria): "Thou hast made us, O Lord, for Thyself, and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee;" a cry which seems almost an echo, or rather a fuller antiphon of the saying of old Homer, that "all men yearn (or gape) after the gods" *—an expression akin in words and feelings to those of the still older Hebrew poet: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." † There is, however, this great difference between them, that the cry referred to by the old Greek was simply the instinctive voice of troubled humanity calling out vaguely and half-despairingly to an unknown Power for help; like

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry;" ‡

whereas the panting of the Psalmist's soul was a cry, winged with holy confidence, to One that he knew was both able and willing to save—the cry of a child who, though "in doubt and fear," yet "crying, *knows his Father near.*"

Alas! that men, born for higher ends and nobler purposes, should wander so far and so long in the restless pursuit of rest, circling round like a moth, now after this brilliant point of attraction, now after that—getting sight at times

"of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;"

but chasing still some illusion or other that draws them away continually from Him who is

"the Source and Centre of all minds,
Their only Point of rest;"

"Nor,"—to use Miss Havergal's beautiful words,—

"Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet

* Odyss. iii. 48. † Psalm xlii. 1.

‡ Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*"; Cf. also, as a terribly striking illustration that

"Nature oft the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow,"

Mrs. Browning's stirring poem, "*The Cry of the Human.*"

One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled."

It is then, and then only, that we see and feel that only He who is "altogether lovely" can supply all our need, and fully satisfy the cravings of our longing souls with His goodness—

"With joy, that none can take away,
With life, that shall forever stay."

One thought more: The rest which Christ gives does not imply inactivity, but the contrary. It is a refreshment, giving strength to bear His mild yoke—a deliverance "out of the hand of our enemies, that we may *serve Him without fear*." It is neither the *Nirvana* of the Buddhist, nor in its popular conception the *apatheia* of the Stoic; but a *life*—"the life of heaven"—the doing the will of the King, our Father, as the angels—as all His servants—do it there; cheerfully, earnestly, promptly. It is the loving will that makes the service "perfect freedom," and enables those who believe to "enter into rest." As a modern divine finely puts it in his own calmly earnest way: "It is this Christian idea of rest which alone comprehends action and repose—action for the powers, absolute satisfaction and delectation for the spirit; a running in the way of God's commandments with an enlarged heart, like the course of an orb through its orbit, and a sacred attraction by which the ceaseless movement is made to be only a ceaseless returning to rest." *

It is, in truth, the near, felt presence of Christ which makes our Paradise, and gives us rest. As Miss Anna Warner beautifully observes: "Peter found it hard work to get through the storm even a few feet off from Christ; but hand in hand it was easy enough. I fancy there is always a great calm just there." Ah, yes!

"With Him conversing we forget
All time and toil and care."

He is ever, when we fully realize His presence, "our rest *in* toil, our ease *in* pain," and the main difference between the peace which He gives here and the joy which we enter in the place which He prepares for us in our Father's house above, is the absence of the toil, and pain, and trouble, and, above all, of

* Rev. Alfred Barrett's "*Christ in the Storm*."

sin, which encompasses us here, and from time to time well-nigh submerges us. There "the sea is no more!" Nothing that can cause perturbation or unrest will have place in those "quiet habitations."

"The storms that rack this world beneath
Shall there for ever cease:
The only air the blessed breathe
Is purity and peace."

This being at home with the Lord is certainly "very far better" than "abiding in the flesh" away from home. If "the work of righteousness"—"the righteousness of God through faith"—is present "peace," its "effect," or final outcome, shall be "quietness and confidence for ever."

"O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blest:
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest."

RESURRECTION MORN.

'Tis Easter morn! No more the world
Lies hushed in silent gloom;
No more the sepulchre's dread walls
The living Lord entomb;
Rejoice!—the stone is rolled away;
The Lord is risen—'tis Easter day!

O, sorrowing soul! that long has kept
The weary watch with sin,
Throw wide thy darkened doors to-day,
And let the sunshine in;
Be sad no more; lift up thine eye!
The Lord is risen, He reigns on high!

The Lord is risen! O earth, rejoice!
Thy myriad voices raise,
Till heaven's blue arches ring again
With songs of solemn praise;
And far resounds th' exultant cry—
"The Lord is risen, He reigns on high!"

CAPTAIN SAM'S TWO EASTER SUNDAYS.

BY GEORGE J. BOND.

"YES, SIR. Yes, sir. Bin goin' to sea, boy an' man, for five an' forty year. Seen a power o' knockin' about, afore the mast, and behind it, too, for that matter. Not all smooth sailin', or fair winds, I tell 'ee. No 'ndeed, no 'ndeed. Bin shipwracked a matter o' five times; knocked overboard twice; had yellow Jack down in the Brazils an' fever 'n agur up the Mediterranean; six weeks in hospital at Cadiz wi' a broken leg—fell down the hold when we was loadin' salt there—an' over two months in Gibraltar hospital 'nother time wi' broken ribs an' a broken arm from the stroke of a sea. Bin under the weather, I tell 'ee, in my time; aye, I have sure. Five an' forty year is a long time to be goin' to sea, 'twas, I may say, constant;—goin' foreign voyages, you know, summer an' fall, an' goin' to th' Ice every spring, every single spring but one, and then God kep' me from goin' if ever He kep' any one. It was like this 'ere, sir. Ye see"—but here I must stop the story, until I have introduced the narrator to my readers.

Samuel Barter, Master Mariner—or, to give a more widely known title, Captain Sam Barter,—or, better still, one which was familiar as a household word for miles and miles around, Captain Sam,—was a bluff, hearty, hardy old seaman, a splendid specimen of a class now nearly passed away—the old Conception Bay sea captains—men who were wont to bring home from the Newfoundland seal fishery huge loads of "fat," in those palmy days before the substitution of steamships for sailing vessels utterly changed and well-nigh spoilt that once prolific source of wide-spread labour and wage; and then to take these same stalwart ships over many a league of ocean, to many a quaint port of Old World or New, in many a varying temperate or tropic clime—laden with one or other of the country's staples—sealskins and seal-oil to London, or Liverpool, or Bristol; codfish in bulk to Mediterranean ports—ports of sunny Spain, or polished Portugal, or classic Italy; codfish in casks or "drums" to the West Indian Islands, or the palm-shaded ports of far Brazil.

A notable looking man was Captain Sam. His broad shoulders stooped but little under the five and sixty years which had whitened his curly hair and whiskers; his face, weather-beaten and rugged though it was, yet was open as a boy's, and ruddy as a winter apple, while underneath the shaggy brows shone eyes keen yet soft, deep blue as that Mediterranean he had so often crossed, and lit up, ever and anon, with a gleam of almost

boyish fun. Still hale and strong, and with an amount of energy, mental and physical, that would put to shame many a younger man. Captain Sam had for five years past, as he phrased it, "knocked off goin' to sea, and settled down quiet wi' the Missus,"—the said Missus being very much the counterpart of her husband for heartiness of manner and kindliness of disposition. In a picturesque little cottage overlooking the bay, and on the outskirts of the quaint little town of Brig Cove, the old couple, so often sundered during their thirty-five years of married life, were contentedly enjoying each other's company, till death should summon the one or the other to the last, inevitable voyage.

"Thought I'd stay ashore and let the boys try their hand," was Captain Sam's way of putting it. "I'd had enough o' knockin' about, and my timbers was gettin' shaky. Can't last forever, y' know, ayther man or ship. I held out A1 a good many years, but I felt I was on the second letter a goodish bit afore I give up. Ah, well, it's all right. By an' by, I'll get a new hull an' new riggin'—all new from keel to truck—an' then I'll be on the first letter forever. Praise the Lord!"

Captain Sam was a Methodist and had been for many years leading a sincere and useful Christian life. He was proud of his Church, too, and never thought he need apologize for his adherence to it.

"The Lord Jesus Christ is my Captain," he would say, "an' the Methodist Church is the ship I sails in. I likes her, I do. She sails well, is a good carrier, an' can be depended on in a breeze o' wind. A fine stiff craft she is, well built and well found. Some don't like the colour o' her, an' some finds fault wi' the cut of her jib, an' some likes a more stylish kind of craft; but I likes a craft as 'll carry well an' sail well, an' Methodism is the craft for me."

When he settled ashore, in his characteristic style he said to the minister, "This here little church is my ship now, sir, an' you're the skipper. I've come to go to work. I can't do much, so I won't ship as A.B., but if you'll take me on as a greenhorn an' put me to some work afore the mast, I'll try to please you, an' the great Owner above."

This was the spirit of the man, and so well did he work, so humbly, so faithfully, so earnestly, that, in a short time, his influence was felt as a blessing all around and beyond the circuit. His time was almost all given up to the work of the church, in some way or other; and his cheery face, and hearty manner and open hand, and generous purse, and loving, sympathetic heart, were at the service of the poor, the sick and the sorrowing, wherever he could find them. It was to a newly-settled minister that the words were addressed with which this story opens. Captain Sam had had the "new minister"

up to tea, and had taken him up a few yards higher than his cottage, to what he called his "look-out." Here he had built a seat and a shelter, and here it was his wont to sit in leisure hours looking out over the waters of the beautiful Conception Bay. Here you would see him, often, on fine mornings or afternoons, with his big spyglass, long and strong and leather-bound, and beaten by many a storm, like its owner—("Give me a good spyglass, an' none o' them 'ere new-fangled gimcracks they calls binoc'lars," he used to say)—and here he would watch the ships on the bay, or turn his glass to one or other point of the wide and ever-varying panorama stretched out before him. Here, too, it was his delight to bring strangers, and show them, with enthusiasm, the points of beauty and interest in the scene.

"There's a prospec' for 'ee," the old man would say, "there's a prospec' for 'ee. Talk of goin' out o' Newfoundland for scenery! Needn't do it, I tell 'ee. If them gaffers at St. John's knew what they was talkin' about they'd know that you'd go a long way afore you'd get a finer bit o' coast scene than this 'ere. I knows what I'm talkin' about, too; I bin to Naples, an' through the Golden Horn, an' I seen many a fine bit o' sea an' shore, in my time, so I have, but give me old Consumption Bay, I says, wi' an August sun shinin' an' a place like this to look from!"

It was, indeed, a charming view. The sun was getting low in the west, and his almost level beams were lighting up the distant highlands that, away to the right, curved in continuous undulations towards Cape St. Francis; while, far to the left, swept the long hilly outline of the North shore, deepening into shadow till lost in the purple haze of distance. Out in the bay lay Great Bell Isle, and its sister islets, suspended, seemingly, between air and ocean, while the white sails of passing vessels and boats gleamed here and there in the offing as the sun's rays touched them into silver.

"Ye see, sir," continued Captain Sam, in the conversation I interrupted, to introduce him to my readers, "ye see, sir, it was —let me see—aye, it was thirty-five year ago. I'd been master of a vessel then over three years, an' had got a name wi' my owners for bein' a hardworkin', successful sort o' fellow, bringin' in good trips from the Ice, an' makin' quick foreign v'y'ges I was a wild chap, though, in them days; I hardly knew I had a soul, I was that thoughtless, an' careless, an' a ter'ble hand to swear when I was in a passion. I s'pose I was a good-natured sort o' chap, in the main, but I couldn't bear to be crossed, I was that proud an' stiff in my own opinions. However, that spring, early, the merchant writes me, an' he says, 'You done so well these three springs in the little *Jane*, I'm goin' to give you charge of our new vessel, the *Sea-Gull*, an' you must come

around to St. John's, to once, an' take charge.' I tell you that made me hold my head higher than ever, for the *Sea-Gull* was a crack ship, an' everybody had thought that one of the older masters would get her. Ah my, it seems like yesterday I brought her home from St. John's to this very harbour bran' new ; and the last I seen of her she was a worn-out old hulk.

"Hows'ever, to go on wi' my story, I brought my fine vessel home, shipped most of my crew from about these ports, mostly men that had bin wi' me afore, an' went back to St. John's to get our 'crap'—that's our outfit, you know, sir—an' start from there on the fust o' March. At St. John's we took in the rest of our crew, Pouch Cove chaps they was, an' our full number was a hundred an' thirty men, all told. Last thing the owner says the night we sailed was, 'Now, Barter, don't you show your nose in here unless you've got a load o' fat,' an' I told him I'd do my best, an' off we went. It was a lonely night when we left just after midnight struck, a fine, clear, moonlight night, wi' the wind well off the land. It was lively times on the fust o' March in St. John's, in those days, sir ; scores an' scores o' sailin'-ships all goin' out to the ice together, and thousands o' men gettin' berths, as reg'lar as the spring come round, an' makin' good wages if they got anythin'; now 'tis only a few big steamers, an' thousands can't get berths, an' the few that does don't make any wages wuth while out o' the biggest trips. Ah, 'tis a thousand pities they started them 'ere steamers!

"Well, as I was a-sayin', we had a fine time off, an' worked well up north, wi' plenty o' water an' easy sailin', when all of a sudden up comes a gale from the nor'-east, an' jams us up into White Bay, the ice so packed together we couldn't move a yard, an' the fog that thick we couldn't see a hundred yards from the ship some days. Well, there we was, an' there we lay for nigh three weeks ; an' a nice fume I was in, you may depend, wi' a new ship, an' a hundred an' thirty men doin' nothin' but eatin' an' drinkin' an' grumblin'. Hows'ever the wind changed at last, an' we got clear an' kep' clear. Still, we didn't do much wi' the seals ; we got a few hundreds here an' there, picked up a scattered one, as you may say, but didn't seem to strike the main body of seals at all. This didn't improve my temper, ayther ; I was fairly savage, an' had hardly a civil word for anybody. I knew the men was grumblin' at me, too ; they're sure to grumble, some of 'em, if everythin' don't go right, y' know. I worked hard, too ; an' there was very few minutes o' daylight that I wasn't on deck, or up at the masthead wi' the spyglass, lookin' everywhere for the black patches that would mean seals. Th' ice was very loose, for an off-shore wind had follied the north-easter ; an' my fear was that the seals had gone too far south for us, and had been

taken by other vessels. There was nothin' for it, though, but to go in the most likely direction, an' keep a good look-out, an' one day, when spyin', I saw, a little to the sou'-west of us, the black patches I had been lookin' for so long; an' as soon as possible the ship's course was turned towards 'em, an we were soon among thousands o' prime young seals. Plenty o' work now for everybody, an' I tell you them men did work well, an' the *Sea-Gull's* bran' new paint an' varnish soon began to look dirty an' greasy enough. It was a Thursday, just after dinner, when I sighted the seals, an' by Saturday night it was plain that another couple of days' good work would load us chock up to the decks. So I called the men together that Saturday night, an' I says:

"'Now, boys, we're more 'n half loaded, an' another couple of days o' this will give us a good rousin' trip. I want every man-jack o' you on the ice to-morrow, at the crack o' dawn. No skulkin' now, mind; but let's bring the new ship home wi' a full load.'

"I didn't care much for Sunday then, sir, I'm sorry to say, an' I wasn't alone in that. There was many a man then that didn't think more of breakin' the Sabbath than he did of eatin' his dinner. I'm sorry to say, too, that although it ain't so bad now as in them days, there's men now—some callin' 'emselves Wesleyans, too—that don't regard the Lord's day at the Ice. I called myself a Wesleyan an' 'ud be ready to fight any one that said I wasn't, an' a Christian as well, but 'tis little I knew o' what them words meant. Hows'ever, nex' mornin', afore I come on deck, I heard argyfyin' goin' on above, an' shortly a master-o'-watch comes down the companion-ladder, an' he says:

"'There's some o' the men won't go on the ice, sir, 'cause 'tis Sunday.'

"'What men?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'there's little Billy Peppy an' three more from Pouch Cove, an' there's Dave French, an' Joe Pike, an' nine more from our place an' Bay Roberts.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you tell 'em if they're not on the ice in ten minutes I'll be up, an' make 'em go.' When I went up, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later, I seen they wasn't gone, but was standin' together for'ard, so I went down to 'em.

"'Well, men,' says I, 'what nonsense is this I hear? Why aren't you on the ice wi' the rest? Come, now, get your haulin'-ropes an' bats, and away with you.' Not one of 'em stirred. 'Is it goin' to turn manus on me you are,' says I, stampin' my foot, 'I'll soon let you know who's skipper o' this craft.'

"Then Billy Peppy—a little, short, dark man, he was—steps out, an' he says, 'Cap'n Barter, we can't work to-day, sir, 'cause it's Sunday.'

"'You hypocrite,' says I, 'I've seen the like of you before,' an' I swore a big oath at him.

"Then Dave French, a great big man he was, says, 'Cap'n, we're willin' to work early an' late other days, but we can't go on the ice to-day—'tis Sunday.'

"'Well, what o' that?' says I. 'You weren't so partic'lar last year, Dave French.'

"'I know that, sir, more to my shame,' says Dave; 'but I've giv' my heart to God since then, an' I'm tryin' to please Him. That's the difference.'

"'Shut up, you great fool,' says I, savagely, 'an' let me hear no more o' that sort o' talk. Now, I'll be plain wi' you, men. You shipped wi' me to obey orders an' do your work, whatever work I give you to do. Now, my orders is that you get over that rail there, an' do your work to try an' get this ship loaded. Are you goin' to obey me?'

"There wasn't a sign of a yield in 'em I could see, an' Dave French speaks up very quiet, but very firm, 'We've made up our mind to obey God, sir.'

"'Very well,' says I, furious, 'I order you over this ship's side in two minutes. Do you hear?'

"'Well, sir,' says Dave, 'I s'pose you have the right to order us off the ship, an' we'll go, but this is God's day an' we dare not break it. We'll go on the ice, sir, but we can't work.'

"Wi' that they all got over the side an' got on th' ice, an', as I turned to go below, I seen 'em all together movin' off some distance from the ship. I didn't feel very pleasant, sir, you may depend. In the first place, the men had vexed me wi' their obstinacy, as I called it, an' in the second, I couldn't help feelin' that they was right, an' I was wrong. Argy as I might, I couldn't but feel that they had the best of it, an' I got so cross an' restless an' fidgety that, at last, I says to myself, 'I believe I'll go on the ice an' see what them rascals is about.' So I got out on the ice, an' follied on in the d'rection I'd seen 'em goin'. By'n' by I heard voices, an' creepin' up quiet among some heavy ice, there I seen 'em. There was big Dave French readin' the Bible, an' the other men standin' around listenin'. I felt ashamed, sir, I tell 'ee, in spite o' myself. Poor Dave wasn't much of a reader, but he was slowly spellin' it out like —it was the chapter about our Saviour's resurrection—but I thought I never heard that 'ere chapter read as plain afore. Then they began to sing a hymn—that one beginnin' 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day'—you know it, sir—an' all of a sudden I remembered that 'twas Easter Sunday. Then they knelt down—right down there on the cold ice, an' three or four of 'em prayed—such prayers I thought I never heard afore—thanked God for givin' His Son, an' for helpin' 'em to be faithful to Him, an' asked Him for grace to be patient an' stidfast.

Then they prayed for their fam'lies, an' their comrades out breakin' the Lord's day, an' for the Cap'n that the Lord would bless him an' make him a man after His own heart. 'Twasn't very warm, sir, you may be sure, but I tell 'ee I got all over in a sweat there listenin' behind a big hummock of ice, an' I says to myself, 'Sam Barter, no wonder ye're ashamed o' yerself, that you drove them men off your ship, an' now they're prayin' for you here; an', at last, I couldn' stand it any longer an' so I crep' away agen, an' went back to the vessel, pretty well upsot.

"Hows'ever, nex' day was a very busy one, an' I soon forgot all my good feelin's. On the Tuesday it began to blow heavy, an' as we was gettin' pretty deep, an' the wind was fair, I thought 'twas best to make sure o' what we had an' go home, which accordingly we did. Passin' Pouch Cove on our way to St. John's I mind the bight was full of ice, an' I declare if some o' the crew didn't leave the ship an' go home instid o' holdin' on an' helpin' to get out the seals when we got to port. Jus' after we got clear an' was gettin' round by Torbay I seen little Billy Peppy on deck, an' I says, "Hullo, Peppy, how is it you didn't go home when we passed your harbour?'

"'Because I didn't believe it was right, sir,' says he.

"'Ah,' says I, 'I'm glad to see you've got some conscience.'

"'Sir,' says the man, looking at me right in the eye, 'I try to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.'

"I said nothin' and walked away, but the words struck me like a blow, an' made me think of Easter Sunday.

"Well, sir, now for the rest of my story;—an' I must cut it short, or you'll be feelin' chilly an' tired. When we old chaps begins a yarn, sir, we hardly know where to knock off. Hows'ever, nex' year I was expectin' of course to go to th' Ice agen, but in the beginnin' o' January, th' owner sends for me an' he says, 'Barter, Cap'n Bishop of the *Sunbeam* is taken very sick, sudden, an' can't leave his bed, an' the brig's loaded for the Mediterranean an' ready for sea. You must take his place an' leave to-morrow mornin' if there's a time off, as I think there'll be.' There was nothin' for it but to get ready, an' nex' day off we went. We was loaded wi' fish in bulk, an' chock-full, an' was to call at L—— for orders. Things went very rough wi' us fust startin'; we had a lot o' head wind, an' sea pretty rough, but it cleared up when we'd bin about ten days out, an' looked for settled weather.

"Everythin' went well till we got, accordin' to my reck'nin', about a hundred mile from Gibraltar, an' then, all to once, the glass went down like a shot, an' I knew we was in for a real bad southerly gale. It was an ugly place, an', as I said, we was heavily loaded, but all we could do was to be careful, an' try to

ride it out. We hadn't long to wait for it, I tell 'ee. It come on frightful heavy, tearin' down as if it fairly meant to beat us into the sea. Hows'ever we kep' her to it, with just enough canvas on to give her steerage way; an' mighty partic'lar we had to be about the steerin', I tell 'ee. Well, we was doin' very well, considerin', an' I was in hopes we'd get through without damage, when a terrible accident happened. We picked out the carefullest men we had for steersmen, o' course, an' the gale was so bad they was lashed to the wheel. The second day o' the gale we was gettin' along middlin,' though the sea was awful rough—I never see it worse afore or since—an' I was standin' somewhere amidships, when all of a sudden I heard a frightful crash aft, an' the nex' moment I was swept right across the deck an' agen the bulwarks on th' other side wi' a ter'ble crash o' fallin' riggin' an' smashin' timber in my ears, as I went off senseless.

"Nex' thing I knew I was in my bunk in the cabin, wi' the steward an' another o' the crew bathin' my head,—an' my right arm broke in two places, an' four ribs broke—all wi' the clout I got agen the bulwarks from the stroke of the sea,—an' I had been near twelve hours insensible. It seems Dave French had been at the helm—he was one o' the best and carefullest sailors we had on board,—an' a heavy sea broke right over her stern an' smashed the wheel to pieces, knockin' senseless the two men who was steerin'—an' the rudder flyin' round, she broached to, an' three ter'ble seas came aboard afore they could secure it, bringin' down the masts, an' sweepin' the decks Fortunately, no one had been knocked overboard, but four o the crew besides myself was badly hurt, an' Dave French the worst of all.

"This was what the mate told me, when they had called him down. He told me, too, that the gale had abated, as quick as it came on, an' the sea had gone down. We was now workin' along very well under jury-masts he had rigged up, an' from an observation he had got, he found we was not far off Gibraltar, an' would likely get in nex' day.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, we did get in nex' day, and Dave French an' myself an' the rest o' the sick men was taken at once to the hospital. Th' other men soon got around an' was able to start in the ship, when she left after bein' repaired; but I was very badly hurt, an' poor Dave French was worse than I was. He had the bed nex' to mine, an' I could see the doctors shake their heads an' whisper, as they went away after visitin' him. It seems he was hurt inside, an' the doctors couldn't do him much good—he kep' gettin' weaker an' weaker. I could hear him prayin' quiet to himself often, an' readin' his Bible, an' the tracts the minister used to give us when he come his rounds, an' I never heard a murmur out of

him, although he used to suffer ter'ble on times; while I was grumblin' an' impatient as could be, at lyin' in bed helpless so long.

"At len'th, one mornin', after we'd bin more'n a month in he says to me, 'Cap'n, do 'ee know what day it is?'

"'Tis Sunday, I b'lieve, Dave,' says I, 'though I can hardly keep the run o' the days here.'

"'Yes, sir,' says he, ''tis Easter Sunday so I heard one of the nurses say. Easter comes early this year, don't it?'

"'Aye, it do,' says I; 'I didn't think 'twas Easter, yet a bit.'

"'Aye,' says he. 'Well, I didn't think last Easter Sunday that I should die on the next. But 'tis all right, all for the best.'

"'Why, Dave,' says I, 'you musn't be down-hearted. Who says you're goin' to die? You an' I 'll see old Consumption Bay yet, please God.'

"'Ah no, Cap'n',' says he; 'I'm not down-hearted, an' I'm not afraid to die; but I know I'll never see home agen, though I hope you will. I'm goin', Cap'n, I'm goin' fast. I've knowed it for days. An' I'm goin' to-day, I think,'—an' with that he was quiet an' dozed off like.

"When the doctors come in he was still asleep, an' they didn't disturb him, only looked at him an' shook their heads; an' one of 'em came over to me—I was sittin' up that day for the fust time—an' he whispered, 'French won't live through the day, poor fellow; he'll wake out o' this an' be conscious a little while an' then he'll go off.' So I went over an' sat down beside his bed, an' the nurse drew a screen around, as they do when a man is dyin'. By'n by he woke, an' catchin' sight o' me sittin' beside him, he says:

"'O, Cap'n, I'm so glad to see you able to get up,' an' he put out his poor thin hand to shake hands wi' me. ''Twas good o' you to come an' sit beside me; I'm real glad to have 'ee so close,' an' he grip' my hand so well as he could.

"'Any pain now, Dave?' says I.

"'No, Cap'n, no pain now, thank God. I'm quite easy now. I'll soon be at rest with my blessed Saviour.'

"'Is there anything I can do for you, Dave, my boy,' says I; 'any message I can take home?'

"'Thank 'ee, sir,' he says; 'if God spares 'ee, I be glad if you'd tell my sister in Bay Roberts that I died happy, an' have my chest o' clothes sent home to her. She's the only one I got left, since poor old mother died, last spring. Tell her I'm gone home to be with Jesus, an' that His grace helped me wonderful in my pain an' sufferin'. Aye, an' tell her, too, that the doctors an' nurses an' all was very kind to me, an' that I had every comfort in hospital. That'll comfort her, poor thing, an' make her bear up better.'

"'Aye, indeed, I will,' says I, 'I'll go an' see her fust thing when I gets home. Now is there anythin' else, boy?'

"'Cap'n,' he says, 'there's one thing I'd like, if you wouldn't mind. Would 'ee read me a chapter, sir, please?'

"'Certainly, Dave,' says I, takin' up his Bible, 'what shall I read?'

"'Please read me the twentieth o' St. John, sir, about the blessed Lord's risin' from the dead, you know.'

"I turned to the chapter an' began to read, an' as I did, I remembered 'twas the very same chapter I'd heard poor Dave readin' to the others, when I turned 'em off the ship last year for not breakin' the Sabbath. How I got through I hardly know. My voice trembled an' shook, an' the tears rolled over my face like peas.

"When I'd finished, Dave looked up an' thanked me, an' he says, 'Why, Cap'n, you have a wonderful tender heart.'

"'Dave, my son,' says I, cryin' now like a child, 'I heard you readin' that same chapter last Easter Sunday when I turned you an' the other men out on th' ice, because you obeyed God rather than me. I heard 'ee readin' an' prayin' from behind a hummock of ice.'

"'Did 'ee now, sir?' says he; 'I never knowed you was anywhere near.'

"'No, boy,' says I, 'but I was, an' I haven't forgot it. I was ashamed then, an' I'm more ashamed now, for treatin' ye men like that. Will 'ee forgive me, Dave?'

"'O, Cap'n', he says, ''course I've forgiven 'ee. I forgave 'ee at the time, freely. But there's one thing I must tell 'ee, Cap'n, while I've strength. I've prayed for 'ee very often that the Lord would bless 'ee an' lead 'ee to Himself. Will 'ee accept my little Bible, sir? 'Tis the one my poor old mother gave me, when I first went sailorin', an' it's the same one I was readin' out of the time you speak on, at the Ice. Will 'ee take it as a keepsake o' me, sir?'

"I was cryin' bitter by this time, sir, as you may well think, but I told poor Dave I'd take it, an' never part with it, an' that I'd read it, too, reg'lar, but the talkin' had exhausted him, an' he could only smile. He lay that way for some time with his eyes closed an' a smile on his face, an' every now an' then he'd whisper a passage o' Scripter, or a line of a hymn. By'n by, he opened his eyes an' looked at me, an' I see he wanted to speak to me an' couldn't, so I bent over close, an' he whispered:

"'Jesus is very precious to me, very near to me.' Then as he grip' my hand he says, 'Cap'n, will 'ee meet me in Heaven, will 'ee?'

"'I will, Dave,' says I, 'with God's help, I will.'

"'Aye, do,' he whispers. 'Come . . . . to . . . . Jesus . . . . to-day. Come . . . . to . . . . Jesus . . . . to-day . . . Jesus . . . . will . . . . save you . . . . if you ask Him . . . to-day.'

"Them were his last words, sir. He jus' gave me one more grip o' the hand, an' opened his eyes wide, an' smiled an' fixed 'em on me; then he closed 'em like a little child goin' asleep, an' in a moment he was gone.

"I knelt down by the bed an' cried bitter, until the nurse come along an' helped me into my own bed. Then when I got over the shock a bit I prayed to God to forgive me. Poor Dave's last words, "Jesus will save you, if you ask Him, to-day,' kep' ringin' in my ears, an' earnestly indeed I asked Him. An' there, sir, on that Easter Sunday, lyin' on my bed in Gibraltar hospital, Jesus heard my prayer an' saved me, an' praise His name, He've kep' me ever since.

"When I got back to St. John's, sir, the old merchant says to me, 'Well, Barter, I s'pose you'll be expectin' the *Sea-Gull* agen. She's there for you, an' mind you always do as well as you did the first spring.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'I partly loaded her on Sunday that time; but I've signed articles with the Lord Jesus Christ since then, an' no more Sunday works for me. If I can have her on these conditions I'll take her; if not I can't'—so then I told the old man the story I've told you, sir. Poor old fellow, I saw him wipe his eyes more'n once, afore I'd done; and when I stopped he shook my hand, an' he says:

"'Well, Barter, take her an' do your best with her. If you do your duty to God, I don't doubt you'll do your duty to me.'

"An' now, sir, come down to house, an' I'll show 'ee poor Dave's Bible. It's old an' worn, now, for it's bin wi' me, afloat an' ashore, all through these years, but it's very precious to me; and you'll not wonder when I tell 'ee that I reads an' cries over that twentieth chapter o' St. John every Easter Sunday."

EASTER.

THE star shone bright o'er Bethlehem
That led the wise men to the manger
Where, cradled in his poverty
And weakness, lay the Heavenly Stranger.

The star shone dim on Olive's hill
At midnight, when the Saviour prayed
Alone in dark Gethsemane,
Where Judas with a kiss betrayed.

But now the Bright and Morning Star
Shines with a pure, unclouded ray,—
A heavenly beacon, shining far,
To guide the pilgrim on his way.

THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

IV.

On Saturday night Mary sat waiting for Luke. She had not been without serious misgivings. Twenty years of degradation had left their trace upon the man. She remembered how proud he used to be of his fine appearance, how particular about his dress. She perceived that he had lost all personal estimation; for even when he contemplated seeing her he had been too indifferent to make the best of such clothing as he wore. It was only an outside trifle, but she feared that it typified a more general and significant hopelessness. She did not, therefore, underestimate the task before her; she even faced the wonder, scorn, evil speaking, and officious advising that was sure to come.

When Luke knocked, she rose and opened the door, and said, "Come in, and welcome!" He looked abashed, and even more despondent than on the previous visit. His hair was more unkempt, his whole appearance more untidy. He laid some money on the table. "It is only six shillings," he said; "thou knows I had been drinking three days out of the week when I saw thee. It has been a hard job to save this—harder than thou thinks." His hands trembled violently. Mary saw that he was really suffering for the want of his usual stimulant.

"Thank thee, Luke. It is worth a deal more than six shillings to thee and me. Sit thee down. I have a rare good cup of coffee ready for us. I was sure thou would come, and so I have waited for thee."

"I'll thank thee for the coffee, but I'll not sit down with thee; so don't ask me. It would be a disgrace to thee forever to eat with me."

"The servant is not above his Lord, surely Luke. They said of Christ, 'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.' I am only Mary Denby. One sinner can eat with another sinner, I should think. Sit down, Luke, or I will feel very badly about it. I want thee to tell me all that has happened thee since we parted that night—thou remembers?"

The coffee soon steadied and refreshed him. He began to feel the pleasure as well as the pain of his position, and he was talking freely in a low, intense manner when John walked in.

"Why, Luke Bradley! Eh, but I am glad to see thee! Why did not thou come to me and Mary as soon as ever thou got home? Thou might have trusted us, I think."

There was no resisting John's outstretched hand and wel-

coming face. Mary reached another cup, and John made a third at the table. Very soon the men moved to the fireside, and while Mary washed her china, and put things quietly to rights, Luke went on with his story. Mary was sitting between them weeping bitterly when it was done, and John, though less demonstrative, was very much moved. After a minute's silence he said:

"Thou hast sinned, and thou hast suffered, Luke. Now, then, cast even the memory of it behind thy back forever. Thou art all the same as a brother to me and Mary, and we are none going to let thee leave us again. Don't go back to Lister; there is work here for thee. I need thee very badly."

"It has been like heaven sitting with you again; but what can I do for thee, John?"

"First, thou must go with me to Settle and get some decent clothes. There is more morality in a bit of good tweed cloth than folks think. When that poor fellow in Judea came to Christ's feet clothed decently, it was a very proper sign of his being in his right mind. Thou used to be as handsome a lad as ever trod a Yorkshire moor, and thou wilt be again. A few pounds of Moxham's money can hardly be better spent."

Luke was singularly pleased at the proposal. He stroked his knee with his hand and looked down, but John saw the flush of hope in his cheeks. "As to work," said John, "I am needing just such strong arms as thine. There are some bad cases of fever in Gilham Bottom, and it is hard to get men strong enough and well enough to go among them. There are some cases I fear will be lost unless we can find nurses able to control men neither to hold nor to bind with fever—out of their heads, Luke. I thought happen thou would like to help with them."

"Thou thought just right. If I could only save life, for the life I took, I would be doing my best to make things even, thou sees."

John did not see; he was a true Methodist, and touched all extremities with faith. He did not, therefore, as a rule, believe much in the saving efficacy of good works; but in this case he said not a word against them; for he hoped that the works might be the road back to a more spiritual condition. The plan but indicated here was discussed in all its details before they separated. John would not hear of Luke returning at all to Lister. "The chapel-keeper has an empty room to let, and they will be glad of thee as a lodger," he said.

"But I shall have to work in order to pay my way. I'll work in the pit half time and help thee the other half."

"There is no need, Luke. The committee will pay thee enough to keep a room over thee, and thou wilt get all thy food. Don't ye go away from us again. When the mill opens, thy work will be there; things have got to the worst now, I

think, and when they have managed to get there, they are most bound to turn round again."

So John left Luke at the chapel-keeper's house, and then he went home. The glow of a good deed, the joy of a helper of men, was in his heart, and he went into Salome's presence almost happy. He had forgotten for an hour or two the sorrow that crouched in his own parlour. For poor Salome was now in real distress. Her grief for her brother was no affectation; she mourned him with a passion as sincere as it was unreasonable.

He was her only brother. He had been taken from home and friends and native land, and slain in a moment, slain in a fight which was none of his fight. She hated the cause in which he had fallen, now. She would have no comfort. Every power had been against poor dear Richard. Providence might have interfered. Her father knew there was going to be war; John knew it; neither of them tried to prevent his going. Everything and everyone had conspired to drive him to his death!

John pitied her very much, but her unreasonable complaints sometimes pained and irritated him. "I don't believe thou would fret that way for me if I was taken from thee," he said, this night, with a twinge of jealous affection; and she did not deny the charge. His patience gave way; he spoke harsher than he was wont, and then all the peace and all the spiritual joy he had brought in with him were gone.

The first thing which roused Salome from the tearful apathy into which she had fallen, and which had become a state of real ill-health, was a suspicion that something was going on at Mary Denby's house of which she had been kept ignorant. Ann—who, for reasons of her own, had thoroughly espoused all her mistress's ideas—went, one afternoon, into Garsby to see some friends, and at every house she heard some different story of the man who was "hand and glove with John and Mary Denby."

Some said he had been sent by the Queen to look after things, and was, at the very least, a lord. Others scouted any such notion, and quoted the chapel-keeper's wife as to John Denby having brought him there "as like a collier lad as ivver was." All agreed, however, that he had brought money for the poor spinners, though the amount varied from one thousand to a hundred thousand pounds; and every one knew also that he went each evening to Mary Denby's house, and that very often John met him there.

"Such-like goings on, missis! I wouldn't stand them if I was you," said Ann. "I'd hev it out with Master Denby this very night, if I was you."

"I can't believe it, Ann."

"It is Gospel truth, ma'am. Hannah Hodgson was determined as she'd find oot summat or other, and she walked straight into Mary Denby's house and asked for t' loan of a candle, and they wer' all sitting together as friendly and comfortable as ivver was. She said t' strange man was drinking tea wi' Mary Denby, and Master Denby wer' smoking his pipe as contented like as if he wer' at his awn fireside."

That evening Salome came downstairs and made John's tea. He was glad to see her looking brighter, and he told her so. Suddenly she asked: "John, who is that strange man that has come into the family from no one knows where?"

"Well, Salome, to tell the truth about it, he was in the family long before thou wert. He is a very old friend."

"Why did you not bring him here and tell me all about him?"

"How often hast thou told me not to bring anybody here? How often hast thou told me not to talk to thee of the famine, or the people, or anything about the war? Thou said thou could not bear it. I have seen thee cry if I named the mill or the mill people."

"But this is a different affair."

"Not at all, my lass. He brought some money—I may say all the money he had—for the starving people, and then he stayed to nurse them that had the fever in Gilham Bottom."

"Why does he go so much to Mary?"

"He is an old friend of Mary's. He can't come here, and I see him a bit at Mary's."

"An old lover of Mary's, perhaps?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Ask her."

"Why did I never hear of him before? There is some secret about it."

"Maybe; but it is not my secret, Salome. I have not such a thing as a secret about me. As to Mary's secrets thou must ask her thyself. I have no right to speak of them."

"If you know any secret of Mary's you ought to tell me."

"Nay, I ought not. I did not tell thine to Mary. I never said a word to her about Richard. There is nothing wrong, and nothing but what Mary will tell thee some day. It happened long before I saw thee, and there is no reason for thee to worrit thyself about it. Thou can trust me Salome—thou knows well thou can."

But in the isolation and monotony of her life—the life to which she had wilfully condemned herself—Salome discussed the circumstance with her servant until it assumed an unreal importance. She was sure that in some way it was prejudicial to her interests. Ann was sent to town every day as a kind of spy, and Ann took care not to return without news. One fine day in the early spring Salome took a resolution. She would go down to the town; she would see with her own eyes what

was going on. As a preparatory movement, she expressed an ability to walk a little on the fell, and asked John to come home early and go with her. Her request was met with a prompt and delighted assent. He looked at his wife hopefully and kindly. Perhaps, after all, he had not been thoughtful enough.

"I will be here at two o'clock, my dear lass," he said, "and we will walk a bit in the larch wood. It is full of primroses and wind-flowers, and the birds were singing an hour ago as if there wasn't such a thing in the world as a stolen nest or a broken egg."

He left her with a happy smile, but almost immediately afterward an unaccountable weight and depression pressed down upon him. Never before had the altered aspect of the once busy mill town struck him so powerfully and sadly. No clack and vibration of machinery; no bustle and traffic in its streets; from the stacks of the tall chimneys not a wreath of smoke, and the place was all the more dismal for the want of its sooty cloud; no noisy, laughing, chattering troops of factory hands. Instead, silent processions of pale, pinched women and children, carrying packages of bread and meat, and tin cans holding soup. They had been at the Relief Committee for their dole. John's heart ached at the sight, and he felt almost like lifting his hat to such an exhibition of patient, self-respecting endurance. Some one touched him. It was his old bookkeeper. He had been a fresh-coloured, rather stout, very respectable-looking man; he was now pale and thin, shabby, and almost shoeless.

"God knows I am sorry for thee, Matthew. Hast thou been ill, lad?"

"Ill with fretting, master. It is a man's mind more than his want of food that wastes him away.

"It cannot last much longer now. Keep up thy heart. As soon as ever I can frame to open the mill again thou wilt have thy place at thy old desk."

"Thank thee, John Denby. That promise is a bit of comfort for me."

In the meantime Salome was preparing for her walk. It had been many months since she was out, and her clothes had that old-fashioned look which the very best garments get when laid away. She occupied the morning in airing and refolding them, and was dressed and waiting for John at two o'clock. At four o'clock he had not come, and Salome was almost hysterical. Then Ann brought her a cup of tea, and condoled with her after her own fashion.

"Deary me, missis! you do hev a time wi' Master Denby. If I wer' you, I'd go mysen, and see what's up. I would that! It 'ud be a deal better than worriting yoursen to death up here."

The idea once admitted, grew in possibility and favour. Indeed, in another hour Salome had tormented herself into such a condition of excitement that she felt able to bear any physical exhaustion necessary for her mental satisfaction. With an air of sorrowful sympathy Ann put on her own bonnet and shawl and persuaded Salome to lean upon her; "though it is master's arm you should hev, ma'am, and would hev, too, if things were as things should be; but if you can nobbut frame yoursen to get there, missis, why, Mary Denby will be cap't, she will that!"

Salome was probably stronger than she expected, for she reached Mary Denby's house without difficulty. She would have entered it without knocking, but John saw her coming, and went to meet her. His face was grave and sad, and his first words were, "Thou cannot come in here, Salome. Mary has got typhus very bad indeed. Why did thou come at all? I sent thee word not to."

"I did not get any word, and I don't believe you sent it; and I don't believe Mary has the fever. Now, John, I am come to see what *is* going on here, and you shall not prevent me."

"I tell thee, Mary is very bad, and it is as much as thy life is worth to come into this house. Thou ought not to be talking to me while I have these clothes on. For God's sake my dear lass, get away as fast as ever thou can."

Ann had sneaked off to a distance at the first mention of typhus, but Salome's temper and suspicions had now completely mastered her. "Let me pass, John," she answered, passionately: "I am determined to see what is going on."

"Have some pity on me, Salome. What will I do, between thee and Mary, if thou gets it too? Have some pity on thyself. Thou art none fit to die."

She was white and strong with passion, and she pushed him aside and passed in. John sank into the nearest chair, unable to protest longer, unable even to frame a prayer for her safety. A kind of horror kept him quiescent. He heard her open and shut the doors of the lower rooms, and then with rapid footsteps go upstairs. The spell that held him broke then; with a cry for "mercy" he followed, but did not reach her side until he found her quailing and trembling with terror at the foot of Mary's bed. The strong, hale woman, scarlet and purple with fever, was tossing and raving in dreadful delirium. A woman was vainly trying to keep the cold wet cloths upon her head: it took all Luke's loving strength to control her maniacal restlessness. The sickly odour, the heavy atmosphere, the moans and mutterings, the awful change in Mary, shocked Salome beyond the power of movement. An appalling chill and sickness made her heart faint; she stretched out her arms to John, and whispered, "I am dying; take me home!"

At midnight she was moaning and crying aloud in her agony. Ann had fled the fever-stricken house, and John was alone with his sick wife. His heart had failed him at the first moment, when she had so passionately gone to meet her fate, but never afterward. He had come unto his Gethsemane, and found the strengthening angels waiting for him. He passed from his sick wife to his sick sister, and dwelt for many days in the valley of the shadow of death; but all the time he found the rod as well as the staff of God to comfort him.

Mary's case was the most hopeful. From the first hour of her attack, Salome drifted rapidly down the dark river. Day by day the fire of life burnt lower; at length she lay at the grave's mouth. She had long been unconscious; she had ceased to moan or to move, almost ceased to breathe. It seemed useless any longer to moisten the stiff, cold lips.

"I need not come again, Mr. Denby," said the doctor; "she has passed quite beyond our help."

Then John locked himself in with his love and sorrow. He knelt down by his wife, and, holding her wasted, cold hand in his own, he prayed for her as Elisha prayed when he "went in and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord." It was a great thing that John asked, and he asked it with strong cryings, as those must do who take the kingdom of heaven by force. And at length a wonderful peace filled all the room, and he fell into a deep sleep.

He thought that in that great travail of his soul no mortal had watched with him; but many days afterward, Salome told, in faint, awe-struck whispers, that she had heard him pleading for her, and that her soul, naked and guilty, had stood trembling with fear lest his petition should fail.

"I heard it all, John. I was conscious throughout the whole hard struggle. I had felt life ebbing, ebbing away from me. I was in a land of awful shadows and of awful stillness—of stillness that could be felt. Suddenly I heard you praying. Your voice in the lonely place made my soul shiver with terror. For as you prayed I remembered all my sins; all my cruel, selfish sins against you, John, most of all. All the last days of my life came and reproached me. I could think of no words but 'too late,' 'never more,' 'might have been.' From depth to depth in horror and darkness I went. Yet, John, amid it all, I heard you praying. At last, I know not how it came to be, I began to weep; the pang of unpermitted prayer was taken away. I said, 'Spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence and be no more forever.' And then something happened that passes understanding. A hand out of the darkness reached me, reached me even at the gates of death and hell, and lifted me up, and brought me back, and power was given me to speak, and I called you, John. You remember?"

Yes, indeed! John could never forget that moment. In the depths of that profound sleep into which he had fallen after his strong imploration, he heard that faint cry of "John! John!" And he lifted his wife in his arms, and kissed her dim eyes and cold lips, and nursed her back again to life and health. She was the answer to his prayer, the very gift of God to him.

After this the tide of sorrow ebbed swiftly back from John's life. Mary was getting better. Luke had not taken the fever, and he had borne without shrinking the ordeal he had accepted as some reparation of his crime. There was also some indication of a peace which would open the cotton mills again. But John's great joy was in his regenerated wife. Fretfulness, peevishness, selfishness were all gone, and there was no return of them in Salome's case.

One sunshiny morning in June, Squire Boothby's groom brought John a letter. The Squire had heard that John wished to sell his house, and he desired to see him about it. The report was true. John knew it would be necessary to do so in order to obtain the requisite cotton and open his mill again. He was glad of the Squire's request, for he knew that he had plenty of ready money, and that therefore, if they could agree about the price, there would be no delay in the matter.

"But whatever do you want to sell it for, John?" he asked.

"I want to open my mill, and I have no other capital, Squire."

"Wasn't thou a bit of a fool to use up all thou had? Men that save money are always more respected than them that give it away."

"No, Squire; I don't think I was a fool. I am very well satisfied with what I have done."

"Thornton and Selby and Halley were angry enough at thee, I can tell thee that. Thou kept them going too. They will be dead against thee now. I used to say to Thornton, 'Thou art a good man, Thornton, to keep open these days at a square loss,' and he would look at me as black as ever was. Well, well; I had many a quiet laugh to myself about it. They are all going to open next week. I want thee to open too."

"I'll be glad to do it, if we can come to terms."

"How much does thou want?"

"I want five thousand pounds for the house and land. If I had it I could start the mill any hour, for the machinery has been well attended to, and is in perfect order."

"It will be a bit of a struggle with five thousand. Thou hast a bonny little wife. I heard she had the fever very bad."

"Very bad indeed."

"She will none like to leave her house?"

"She is willing to do anything to help me on again. We shall rent one from my sister; she has a very nice one to let."

"Suppose, instead of selling thy house, thou takes me for a partner. I have a great mind to go into business, and there will be lots of money in cotton-spinning now. Thou had better take me for a partner; if thou does not, I give thee fair warning I will very soon be running a mill against thee."

"Squire, do you really mean it? If so, you will be the best friend I ever had."

"For sure I mean. I mean it on a big scale, too. I am not going to have Thornton, or any of them, do a bigger business than we do. We will have the mill made a deal larger, and we will buy the very newest looms in the market, and I will put fifty thousand at the back of thee. What dost thou think of that now?"

"Squire!"

"Ay, I see thou art a bit dumfoundered; but I may as well be making money as other folks. I have long had an idea of going into business, and I was just about speaking to thee when the war began. I must have a partner, for I know little about looms or cotton; and, all things considered, I think I should like thee best. Joe Darley spoke to me, and Joe is a getting man, but it would be like doing a thriving business with the devil for a partner. I am fond of saving money, but I'd like to save my soul, too"

"Will you buy the house, Squire?"

"Not I. I don't want thy house. Let the little wife keep it. I'll warrant she is as proud as a peacock of it. Shall I say 'our mill,' John?"

"From this moment, if you wish, Squire."

The next day John went to Liverpool for cotton, and the following Monday the mill bell rang out again, and the tall chimneys threw great banners of smoke heaven-ward, and the happy workers went joyfully back to their looms. In another week "Denby & Boothby" were breaking new ground, and John was going up and down the fell, between his home and his mill, looking ten years younger.

As soon as the new building was finished, Luke was given the management of it. He had been then two years under John's and Mary's influence, and the change in him was a wonderful one. He wore a handsome business suit, his clean-shaven face had regained the healthy flush of honest labour, he had lost the abashed and slouching air of a man who had ceased to respect himself. For many months he had been a member of John's class, and he was one of the most active workers in the temperance crusade. The curiosity about him had subsided, and suspicion slunk away before his good life.

And yet his past was ever to him a waylaying fear, making his life hushed and uncertain. He tried to keep himself prepared for recognition, and yet when it came it shocked him. There had been a strike in Lister pits, and many of the colliers came to Garsby, either to seek work or because they expected to pass their idle time with more pleasure there. Coming up the main street with John, he met three of his old companions face to face. They greeted him with a howl of derision.

"So, thou hes made thysen a gentleman on owd Moxham's brass, hes ta? Thou mean dog! Nivver to giv' t' price of a pot o' porter oot o' it! Come now, hand over a sovereign, and we'll let thee alone."

"I'll not give thee a sovereign for drink, Ben Sykes. I haven't touched a drop mysen since I left Lister."

"If you are wanting a job, men," said John, "we'll try and find you one at the mill. You could load or unload, or drive a lurry, I'll be bound."

"We want nowt o' thee. Come, Luke, thou'd happen better give us a sovereign; if ta doesn't, we can say some things that'll pull thee down a bit."

"Say what you like, lads. I'll not give you liquor; but if you want food, or rent, or clothes, I am with you to the last shilling I hev."

Then John and he passed on, but it was to the men's jeers and laughter and ill words. The scene had been a very painful one to Luke; he felt that the crisis of his life had come. In a couple of days he was sensitive to a change of feeling toward him, and it was quite natural that his sensitiveness intensified it.

As it happened, too, John and Salome were unusually interested in their own affairs. It was a time of great rejoicing with them. Their first child was to be baptized on the following Sunday, and Mr. Fletcher was coming to perform the ceremony. Salome was as busy as a bee preparing her house and her baby. There was to be a love-feast also, and Mary Denby always made the delicate seed-bread for it; so she was much pre-occupied, and Luke did not feel as if he could press his own anxieties upon them at that time.

The Sabbath was an exquisite June day, and the christening was a beautiful event in it. But Luke fancied that all eyes were fixed coldly on him, and he was quite sure that several people avoided his greeting in the chapel yard. He shut himself in his own room to consider how he must meet the trial he saw coming. His first impulse had been to run away from it. But true religion has no moral cowards, and from his session of prayer and self-examination Luke walked forth with a settled and definite purpose.

He went directly to the chapel. A love-feast always drew many strange worshippers from far and near, and every seat was for the occasion common and free to all. Luke went to a

front one in the gallery, facing the pulpit. He was glad to see that Mr. Fletcher was going to lead the meeting. The congregation was a strange and varied one. Rich and poor, spinners and farmers, men speaking the very dialect their fathers spoke in Chaucer's days, and men who had studied in famous schools and travelled in foreign lands; women clothed in silk, and women clothed in calico—but all alike speaking forth, in their own way, the goodness of God. There was a singularly happy feeling in the meeting, and it was continually bursting forth into song. Toward the close of the sacred feast every soul had been lifted into a higher atmosphere than that of their daily life.

Then Luke rose. His position in front of the gallery and his great size made him easily seen by nearly all present. In the plain, graphic dialect, so familiar and so forcible, he told the story of his sin and of its punishment. He spared himself nothing. He held forth his hands, and bared his wrists in their sight, and cried out, "Look at them! T' iron has entered both into my flesh and my soul. I hev worn t' visible chains of my transgression. If I hev come unworthily into your congregation and into your homes, I will do so no more."

Amazement and sorrow were on every face. This was not what any one expected. There was a sound of weeping through the whole chapel, and Mr. Fletcher rose, and looked down at John. John was already on his feet. His eyes were shining, his face lifted almost joyfully. He told how Luke had brought Moxham's gold, and how it had been used. He reminded them of the sleepless nights and weary days in which he had tried to atone for his sin. "There are women here he fed and clothed, men here he nursed through raging fever, and others whom he has brought out of the public-house into the chapel and the class-meeting. Are there not?"

"Ay, ay, ay," came from all parts of the house.

"We were lads together," John went on. "We went to the national school and the Sunday-school together; we joined the same class-meeting; we were as much brothers as David and Jonathan were. I loved him then with all my heart; I have not found him less worthy of my love since he came back to me three years ago. I don't feel as if I had been a bit degraded in having him in my house or in my business. And I think no worse of him, but a deal better, for the words he has spoken so frank and manly this afternoon."

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world!" It was Mr. Fletcher who spoke. He looked straight at Luke, and stretched out his arms to him. "Brothers and sisters, I know you all believe that Jesus Christ is a sufficient surety for Luke Bradley. We are none of us holier than He who was guest in the house of a man that was a sinner—who

died between thieves. If any one here, man or woman, has anything to say against Luke Bradley, I bid them speak now. . . . All silent! No one has anything to lay to his charge here, in his Father's house, among his brothers and sisters; see, then, that you speak no ill of him in the world, and among strangers."

Coming out of chapel, nothing was said to Luke except a fervent "God bless thee, lad," from some of the older men and women; but many pressed near to shake his hand, to smile, or to nod to him, and he went out of the gates sure of a strong sympathy and support if any annoyance did come to him.

Salome and Mr. Fletcher were waiting. "Give me your arm up the fell, Luke," said the preacher; and Salome added, "You must help me too, Luke, for I see John has taken mother and Mary." It was a gracious and graceful deed in both father and daughter, and John, following them, watched his wife with a happy heart.

That night Luke found courage to ask Mary a question he had asked more than twenty-five years before; and she answered cheerfully:

"I told thee once, Luke, that I loved thee, and I have not changed a bit, unless it be to love thee more. Them that hasn't suffered and wept haven't loved as well as they can do, I think. We have done both, and I have no doubt but we shall be very happy and comfortable together."

It was a sign of the great change in Salome that Mary went straight to her in her happiness. They talked of it a little while apart, and then all joined in its hopeful discussion, and Mr. Fletcher promised as he returned from Conference in August, to stop and marry the old lovers.

Very early the next morning the preacher and his wife went away; but this time the parting was full of hope. They kissed and blessed the babe in its cradle, and looked with glad eyes on the daughter that seemed almost as if she had been lost and found again.

"A good wife, in whom her husband trusts, and the justified mother of children—what lot, Salome, can a woman have that is more joyful?" asked her father, as he stroked her brown hair and kissed her again at the garden gate. Then, after taking a few steps, he turned and added—"Forgetting the things which are behind, and looking forward, Salome! Tell Luke also. Good-bye, dear."

And Salome went in, with her face wet with happy tears. She lifted her baby out of his soft white nest and put his little arms about her neck, and in her joy and peace rocked him to and fro, singing softly and gladly—the beloved wife and the justified mother.

THE END.

The Higher Life.

TRUE EASTER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE world for the dead Christ weepeth,
And holdeth her Lenten fast ;
Does she think that Christ still sleepeth
And night is not overpast ?
Nay, but the word is spoken,
Nay, but the tomb is broken,
And "Christ is risen ! Yea, Christ is risen indeed !"

Long past is the Lenten morning,
Long past is the bitter night,
Long past is the Easter dawning,
Now it is noonday light.
Set every song to gladness ;
Why should the Bride have sadness ?
Her "Lord is risen ! Her Lord is risen indeed !"

He suffered once and forever
The cross, the smiting, and the pain,
Once did the sepulchre sever,
But never, never again.
Earth nor hell can bereave us,
Jesus never will leave us,
For "He hath risen ! Yea, He hath risen indeed !"

Always so ready to ease us,
Always so willing to stay,
Pray, pray that the living Jesus
May walk with us day by day.
Always the Easter glory,
Always the same glad story,
"The Christ is risen ! The Christ is risen indeed !"

POWER OF THE DEAD JESUS.

"AND the veil of the temple was rent." The power of my Lord exhibited in dying. The veil of the temple parted the most holy from the rest of the sanctuary. Into that *holiest of holies* went only the high-priest. It was a high, broad, thick, rich curtain. And so God is always separated from man for whom the veil of the temple has not been rent by Jesus. I dare not try to lift it myself. I cannot with any riches purchase admission. My eyes have no rest and skill to see what is

behind the veil. But now the wonderfully symbolic fact of the veil rent by the death agony of Jesus teaches me that I may enter into the holiest in virtue of the perpetual sacrifice.

My Lord in dying had so impressed a murderer that that soul had been won by salvation. Dead, the sight of Him wrung from a Roman centurion the confession, "Surely this man is God's Son!" See how my Lord works by His love among the outcasts, sinners, and pagans. The Roman had seen many deaths, but none like this. He and his soldiers had attempted to execute Jesus, but found themselves unable. He was not killed; He gave up the ghost. There was in some manner a surrender of His life which was so God-like that this heathen soldier, who probably had become skeptical in regard to the mythology in his own paganism, was led back to his earlier faith and cried, "Surely this man was God's Son." "Was?" Did it to the centurion seem to be all over with Jesus? My soul within me cries, in this far-off century, "Surely this is God's Son?"

Blessed women to minister to the Lord of life! How beautifully Jesus always treated those of the sex of His mother! He was the first great Teacher to throw open to all women who chose to enter the door of His school. He attracted and puzzled them. There was a Divine glory and mystery which they could not penetrate; yet they saw that He had certain human wants which could be supplied only by woman's presence and help. What a sight for these women! His mother, His sister, His aunt, and His dearest friend Mary of Magdala, the spotless woman whose name has been given to harlots! They were *accustomed* to "follow and minister to Him." So may I see what it is which the cause of Jesus now needs, and do it, following Him in evil report as in good.

Lifted up, O my Lord, how Thou dost draw men unto Thee! There were "secret disciples." Thy death brought them forth. Nicodemus and Joseph could no longer conceal their discipleship when Thou wast hanging there upon the cross. It was robust discipleship which, having failed to show itself in the palmy days of the highest popularity, now demands Thy body from the Roman ruler, faces the suspicion, the contempt, the hatred of Church and State, and pays honour to the corpse of the Great Teacher. But O, how much they must have lost by their long concealment!

Immediately upon dying, Jesus finds the tide of the world turning. His death had turned it.

Two men, honourable and wise, buried Him; two women, honourable and tender, watched Him.—*Rev. Dr. Deems.*

Christ's Resurrection.

The resurrection is the central fact in supernaturalism of the life of Jesus. The moment this fact gets clear unfolding in the mind all the other supernaturalism becomes easy. He is God manifest in the flesh, we surely know it because He rises from the tomb; knowing it, all the story is illuminated for us forever. We have not to expurgate the heavenly lines in the narrative. We have not to stagger at a miracle or the transfiguration, or the profound wisdom or the lofty claims of our Master. Now we understand Him when He says: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." It is no wonder that the disciples leaped from incredulity to rapturous joy, when they knew He had risen. They knew all the way He had led them—saw it gilded with heavenly glories and blossoming with spiritual meanings. The resurrection reveals the Godhead, and they are His disciples, friends, ambassadors! What an inspiration comes as the Divine tide of truth rolls in upon their consciousness, and transfigures the seamless robe and the familiar form! To us, also, this event is crucial and transforming. It compels us to decide the central question, "Whose Son is He? It transforms all aspects of our Jesus when we receive Him as the Son of the Father everlasting. It is therefore a day of gladness.—*Pittsburg Adv.*

The power of death and the grave has been effectually broken. How affecting the earnestness of that question which our dying friend in New York asked of his calm and thoughtful ministerial brother—"Do you think we shall live after this life?" When the shadows of the grave begin to fall upon our earthly vision, how practical and how full of significance such a question! How different dying becomes, and the burial of dear friends, in the full faith of life and immortality beyond the vail. It is a question that will soon be satisfactorily answered for us in the other life—how the dead will come forth, and what will be the nature of the resurrection body. We can readily leave the full disclosure of that to the supreme moment itself. But shall I live again, and mine who have died in the Lord? This is the vital question; and the answer to this the New Testament discloses in words as simple and beautiful as they are assuring.—*Zion's Herald.*

Current Topics and Events.

Henry Ward Beecher.

By the death of Henry Ward Beecher the United States has lost, we think, the greatest man that country ever produced. He did more, we believe, to save the nation during the crisis of its great war than any other man—and he did more than any other man to make it worth saving. From Plymouth pulpit has rung out for forty years the tocsin of liberty. It was largely the influence of that pulpit that sent the New England free-soilers to Kansas to check the progress of the slave power and to make those virgin prairies, stained with martyr blood, the home of liberty forever. When the nation's heart was failing, it was Beecher who blew a trumpet blast that roused its energies for final victory. It was his courageous heart and voice that, almost alone, so stemmed the tide of commercial greed as to prevent foreign recognition of the South. He was more to the nation than an army. Grandest attribute of all! when the South was overwhelmed with disaster and defeat, it was he who interposed with words of mercy, and conquered the rebel States by magnanimity and love as they were already conquered by arms.

It has been said that Beecher was unspiritual in his nature, that his religion was more of a sentiment than of a deep soul-conviction. Those who thus say did not know him at his best. No one could hear him in his inspired moments of prayer without feeling that he talked with God as a man talketh with his friend—face to face. His wonderful prayer-meeting talks revealed the depth and tenderness of his religious nature, as a rift in the clouds reveals the depth and tenderness of the blue summer sky. He has left it on record that when confronting a howling mob in Liverpool, he was serenely pillowed on the bosom of God and as void of fear as a babe in its mother's arms. Like Knox, he feared God and feared only Him. Like Luther's, his was a frank, hearty, joyous nature, using thankfully all life's blessings and without a tinge of sourness or asceticism. Yet like Knox or Luther he could take a stand from which the whole world in arms could not make him move. It is his highest praise that those who knew him best loved him most. Even when storms of calumny raged around him *they* faltered not a jot.

Beecher was not a logician. He was not a theologian. He was an orator and a poet, who stirred men's souls by the spell of his genius. He moved his own far more than he will move any after generation. No printed page can express the leonine toss of the head, the flash of the eye, the thrill of the tone. Still, as long as patriotic pulses beat, his oration at Fort Sumter and many of his war sermons will not fail to stir the blood. His almost forgotten novel, "Norwood," has passages of tear-compelling pathos; and so saintly a soul as the late Dr. Carroll received from Beecher's "Life of Christ" such a revelation of the Saviour as from no other human source. His recoil from the hyper-Calvinism of his father's preaching carried him into a dangerous looseness of doctrinal statement, and the very splendour of his audacity often shocked more conservative minds. He was unique. He leaves no school, he built up no system, he founded no institution. His epitaph should be, "He loved God and loved his fellow-man. He was the friend of the slave and the oppressed."

The following are the singularly appropriate closing words of his last sermon:—"We are all marching thither. We are going home. Men shiver at the idea that they

are going to die; but this world is only a nest. We are scarcely hatched out of it here. We do not know ourselves. We have strange feelings that do not interpret themselves. The mortal in us is crying out for the immortal. As in the night the child, waking with some vague and nameless terror, cries out to express its fear and dread, and its cry is interpreted in the mother's heart, who runs to the child and lays her hand upon and quiets it to sleep again, so do you not suppose that the ear of God hears our disturbances and trials and tribulations in life? Do you not suppose that He who is goodness itself cares for you? Do you suppose that He whose royal name is Love has less sympathy for you than a mother has for her babe? Let the world rock. If the foot of God is on the cradle, fear not. Look up, take courage, hope, and hope to the end."

Since the above was in type we find the following estimate of Beecher from the pen of Dr. Lyman Abbott:

"He was a great preacher; that we all know: the greatest preacher certainly of his age, if not of Church history. He was a great preacher because he was a great and good man; that all know who knew him. He was pure as a pure woman; simple as a little child; frank to a fault. His most intimate friend never heard from his lips a suggestion of a salacious jest; I never knew the man bold enough to venture on one in his presence. He was incapable of deceit or artifice. No one who knew Mr. Beecher intimately could doubt that he was pre-eminently a man of God and walked with God. God be thanked for Henry Ward Beecher! Death cannot wholly take him from those that loved him. His name remains a blessed memory and a sacred inspiration."

Progress of Federation.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. Dr. Potts is meeting with very encouraging success in securing subscriptions for the building and endowment fund of Victoria College. It is a happy augury that this new departure, the second founding of this venerable institution, takes place during the jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign. Few institutions in the world, if indeed any, can present such a half-century's record of successful work as Victoria University. Her *alumni* may be found in almost every English-speaking land, and everywhere they reflect honour on the training of their *alma mater*. What imagination shall be strong enough to forecast the future on whose threshold she now stands, or to anticipate the progress of the next fifty years! With ampler resources, and with a more brilliant prestige than ever before, she sets forth on a career of usefulness, of honour, of distinction under more favourable auspices than her most sanguine friends ventured to hope for. We are persuaded that the loyalty of her *alumni*, aided by the active support of a host of new friends, will enable her to take advantage of the present fortunate conjunction of events in a manner worthy of her honoured past and of the Church of which she is the highest literary exponent. Of this there must be left no room for doubt. Victoria must be maintained in the highest state of efficiency as a fully equipped Arts College, or violence will be done to the compact whereby the Federation scheme was successfully launched. To this end, in addition to the building fund, for which Toronto ought to be good for $150,000, an ample endowment must be secured to make the future of the institution safe from any possible contingency of failure. No nobler jubilee offering can the loyal Methodists of Canada present, none more fruitful in richest benefits to the Church of their affection, than the erection of suitable buildings and the liberal endowment of an institution of higher learning in arts, literature, science, and theology, to be forever associated with the name and fame of our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

Methodism and Caste.

We rejoice that the Board of Managers of the Freedman's Aid Society

of the Methodist Episcopal Church have given such a brave and manly deliverance on the subject of caste in Methodist colleges. Their utterance was brave because it was in defiance of the inveterate prejudices of many whom it affected. It was manly because it asserted the equal rights of the Negro and the white man to education in Methodist colleges in the South. It is hard for us in Canada, who are almost without prejudice against the Negro, to understand the caste feeling in the South. It is not antipathy to association, even intimate association, with the Negro. The very conditions of life make that extremely common. As house servants, as cooks, as nurses, as dressing-maids, or body servants, they come into relations the most intimate with the whites. But to attend the same school or college, or church—unless they sit aloof in the gallery—is intolerable. This unchristly feeling of caste must have no recognition in the Christian Church. The fastidious Professor Caulkins, who refused to shake hands with a brother Methodist preacher because God gave him a darker complexion than his own, disgraced himself and his profession; and the Board of Managers did well to demand his resignation. When Mr. Gladstone invites as honoured guests to his table a band of coloured singers—once slaves or the children of slaves—and when the highest culture of the land—the Duke of Argyll, the household of the Queen and the Queen herself—extend their social recognition, it seems a pitiable affectation for any to attempt to raise a barrier of caste on account of colour. The best interests of Methodism—the best interests of our common Christianity —require that it be forever broken down.

Wise Men from the East.

It is greatly to the credit of our friends in the Maritime Provinces that they have contributed so largely to the literature and science and public life of the Dominion—in a greater degree, we think, in proportion to their numbers, than have any other part of the country. Without stopping to investigate, the following occur at once to our memory, as wise men from the East: Sir William Dawson, Principal Grant, Edmund Kirk, Professor De Mille, Judge Haliburton and his distinguished nephew, Judge Wilmot, Joseph Howe, and others who have won very wide fame. Our own Methodist Magazine has contributed in no small degree in calling forth and giving the opportunity for the exercise of the talent of a large number of our ministers and laymen from the east. Its pages have been enriched by the contributions of Revs. Dr. Lathern, Dr. Stewart, W. B. Harrison, M. R. Knight, Dr. Pope, W. Percival, S. B. Dunn, G. O. Huestis, A. W. Nicolson, J. Oxley, Esq., and others. The literary reputation of Revs. E. Evans, Job Shenton, T. Watson Smith, Dr. McMurray, Dr. Pickard, Dr. Allison, and Dr. Milligan, is well known even in this far-off west.

What led, however, to this train of thought was the announcement in the English Methodist periodicals, in re-publication in Great Britain from the Methodist Magazine, of that admirable sketch of Newfoundland life, "Skipper George Netman, of Caplin Bight," by the Rev. George Bond, ex-President of the Newfoundland Conference. The thrilling story in *Pleasant Hours* for April 2, "Adrift on an Iceberg," is from the same accomplished pen. The vivid story by Brother Bond, "Captain Sam's Two Easters," in this Magazine, will touch all hearts. He has also promised a series of "Vagabond Vignettes," describing his recent wanderings in Europe. The Rev. Henry Lewis' sketches of Newfoundland life and of Welsh preachers have attracted much attention. Doubtless our Eastern friends will think of several other names as worthy of mention as those above given.

A Nova Scotia subscriber to this Magazine writes:—"I am delighted with the great improvement you have made in the past few years. As a Methodist I am proud of our hand-

some, able and interesting monthly. It is more highly valued in my home than the high-priced American magazines. The latter are so intensely American that it is a relief to get something Canadian in sentiment. I am glad that our MAGAZINE is *Canadian* as well as *Methodist.*"

In the May number will be begun another story, by Mrs. A. E. Barr, not inferior in interest, we think, to any she has written. It will continue throughout the year. It will present some interesting aspects of Methodist life and character in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Its religious teachings will be pronounced and definite.

Dr. Williams' third article on the Minor Poets of Methodism—a very soul-stirring one—came to hand too late for this number. It will appear, with many other good things, in the May number.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

An annual convention of Wesleyans serving in the Army and Royal Navy was lately held in City Road Chapel, London. About 180 men were present, belonging to various garrisons and naval contingents. The principal address was delivered by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., on "The Work of the Christian Soldier."

A theatrical mission has also been established. It is a non-sectarian institution, but several Wesleyans take an active part in the services held on behalf of the 6,000 persons who are known to be professional actors and actresses. Over a thousand persons, chiefly Christian ladies, visit the actresses and members of the ballet in their professional apartments in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large cities, their kindly efforts being greatly valued. In three weeks more than 5,000 persons attended the services held in London.

Much attention is now being given to the erection of mission-halls in the thickly populated districts in London and other cities, where evangelistic services are held every night in the week.

"Paddy's Goose," *alias* "The White Swan," a London gin-shop of infamous notoriety, was recently opened with well attended and impressive services.

Conventions on holiness and evangelistic work are numerously held in various parts of England. The services in some instances are held all day, and not only give an impetus to the work of God where they are held, but also suggestions are given for the better qualification of band workers, which may be of great service to persons thus engaged.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

A large meeting of Newcastle-on-Tyne District was held in the city, when a resolution in favour of Methodist union was unanimously adopted.

There is a debt of £8,000 sterling resting on the Missionary Society. It was resolved at a late meeting of the committee that the debt should be paid during this jubilee year of Her Majesty's reign. Some circuits recommend a week's self-denial to be observed to accomplish the object.

Rev. John Innocent, Chinese missionary, is about to return to the Celestial Empire. He appeals for two additional missionaries and a medical missionary to accompany him. He expects to establish a girls' industrial school at Tientsin, and a lady teacher is also required to superintend its arrangements.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The annual meeting of the Book Concern in New York was recently held. The sales for the past year exceeded $1,000,000. The Cincinnati house reported nearly $900,000 worth of books sold. The net profits amounts to 12 per cent. $30,000 were appropriated to the support of aged and disabled ministers, their widows and orphans. It is not quite 100 years since the Book Concern was begun, on a capital of $600, borrowed from the Book Steward and founder, John Dickens. The first book published was Thomas á Kempis' "Imitation of Christ;" next the Discipline, then the Hymn-Book, and Baxter's "Saint's Rest." From this small beginning the Book Concern has grown to its present immense proportions.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The Mission in Japan has been opened under very favourable auspices at Hiroshimi, 200 miles south of Kobe, a city of 50,000 inhabitants on the Inland Sea. Many have manifested an earnest desire to learn more about Christianity.

At the recent session of the Central Mexico Mission Conference, Bishop Hargrove appointed forty-seven preachers to work in six organized districts in fourteen States of the Mexican Republic, forty-three of these preachers being Mexicans, some of them presiding elders in charge of districts.

The Methodist Church.

The Missionary Secretary-Treasurer is hopeful that the income this year will exhibit a very gratifying increase, as several auxiliaries which have made their annual returns report progress.

Dr. Macdonald, of Japan, has been granted a year's furlough and will visit Canada during the summer.

The present writer is pleased to record the fact that one whom he knew as a Sunday-school scholar has now joined the teaching staff in the Japan Institute, a position for which he is well qualified, having passed through a collegiate course at Victoria University, and having been for some time Principal in one of the High Schools in Ontario. God bless Brother Odlum.

Mr. Courtney Kenny, M.P., has published a report respecting his visit to Newfoundland last autumn, which contains several items of more than ordinary interest. He says: "A comparison of the census of 1845 with that taken forty years afterwards, presents most encouraging results. For every five Catholics in 1845 there are now eight; for every five Episcopalians there are now ten; and for every five Methodists there are now seventeen. Indeed," said Mr. Kenny, "Methodism is (or, at any rate, before the arrival of the Salvation Army, was) the most rapidly increasing of all the greater denominations, and I see that the same fact holds true also in Western Canada. In both countries it is largely due to their having achieved Methodist Reunion, and I trust we shall live to see the Methodist Churches of England achieve it some day."

The Death Roll.

Death has been very busy during the last month. Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished Brooklyn divine, has finished his course. Few ministers have been so well known. His course has not always commended universal commendation, but taking his career as a whole he has wielded an influence for good during a long life, and maintained his popularity as a pulpit and platform orator both in England and America to the last. He has left a name which will not soon be forgotten.

The Rev. J. Rich, of the Primitive Methodist Church, England, has been called to his eternal home. He had attained to the age of seventy-five. In 1857 he retired from the active work and retained a superannuated relation until early in 1887, when he was gathered to the Church of the Firstborn.

The Rev. John Langdon, a superannuated minister in Toronto Conference, finished his course at Prince Albert, February 20th. He was ninety-four years of age. He laboured very acceptably in the Bible Christian denomination, England. In 1850 he came to Canada, and first settled in Hope and latterly in Prince Albert. He sustained a superannuated relation since 1847. He was a good man and maintained a blameless reputation throughout a long life.

The Rev. Robert Fowler, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., a member of the London Conference, has passed away to join the great multitude in heaven. He was the son of an eminent Wesleyan minister in England, the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, who was Secretary of the Conference, and was the anticipated President the year he died. Brother Fowler was intended for the medical profession, but felt himself called to the ministry. He joined the Wesleyan Conference in 1853. Failure of health compelled him to retire for one year in 1863, but he re-entered in 1864 and travelled until 1884, when failure of health again compelled him to retire. For several months prior to his decease he was confined to bed. He was greatly respected on all the circuits where he travelled. As a preacher he was Methodist to the core. As a pastor he was especially beloved. In this respect he very much resembled his sainted father. He was a member of three General Conferences. During his last illness he wrote a fine Christmas poem—"Saved by Hope"—a triumphant swan song of the dying saint. It issued from the press the very day he died. Its closing words are these:

"To God my Saviour glory be,
Who gave His blood to ransom me;
To God the Father's boundless love
His Son to death which Him did move
Freely to render up for me;
And God the Spirit, Holy One,
Who makes to me this Gospel known,
Glory for evermore shall be,
Glory to all eternity!"

Book Notices.

In Divers Tones. By CHARLES D. ROBERTS. 12mo, pp. 134. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The accomplished author of "Orion" brings here another sheaf of poems worthy of his fame. This dainty volume is one of the most important contributions yet made to our native literature. We are struck with the variety of subjects and variety of metres. No Canadian poet, we think, has so caught the classic spirit in the treatment of classic themes. The "Actæon," "Pipes of Pan," "Off Pelorus," and "A Ballade of Calypso" are not unworthy of Landor or Keats at their best. The latter poem has richness of rhythm and music of words like Swinburne's most melodious verse. In "Cuthbert the Monk" and in "Notre Dame" our poet has caught the very spirit of mediævalism. We prefer, however, his Canadian ballads, in which he sketches with loving hand "the long dikes of Westmoreland," "The green plains of Tantramar," the brown streams and flashing rapids of his native New Brunswick. In his charming sonnets his keen sympathy with nature is strongly seen, and in several of his poems throbs a stirring patriotic pulse. We give as an example his fine "Collect for Dominion Day":—

"Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and Destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people make a mighty State!

To the strong stern—to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name."

The Theological and Homiletic Magazine (February). Edited by Rev. FREDERICK HASTINGS and Rev. A. F. MUIR, M.A. Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

This valuable homiletic is richly freighted in all its departments, and contains valuable contributions from the pens of several distinguished divines both in Britain and America, among whom may be mentioned Archdeacon Farrar, Oswald Dykes, D.D., J. Morison, D.D., Philip Brooks, D.D., and several others. The Expository Section is especially valuable, and is the part to which we always first turn as the monthly numbers reach us. Our ministerial brethren would do well to subscribe for this valuable monthly.—E. B.

Scripture Readings, for use in the Public and High Schools of Ontario. Toronto: Printed for the Education Department.

This book seems to us admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was intended, not by any means as a substitute for the Bible, but "to place in the hands of every teacher, in a convenient form, those portions of the Bible best adapted to the capacity of Public and High School pupils." Every one will admit that there are such passages, and the principle of selection being admitted, it would be difficult to find the work better done than it has been by Mr. Kerr in this volume. We are not surprised to find that it won the cordial approval of the influential representatives of almost all the Churches to whom it was submitted. We join heartily in the recommendation of the Educational Department, that in addition to the daily readings of the Lessons, choice passages may be written upon the black-board, repeated in concert, and committed to memory by the pupils, that thus, "while avoiding any attempt at giving sectarian bias to the instruction imparted, the truths of the Bible may be impressed upon the pupils as the safest guides for life and duty." The only criticism we have to make is that, in our judgment, it would have been better to have indicated with each lesson the chapter and verses of the Bible of which it consists. We understand that this is to be done with the new edition.

In Defence of the Faith. By ALEX. OLIVER, B.A. Pp. 319. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

From the time of Bishop Butler, one of the most important departments of the evidences of Christianity is that which reveals the analogy between natural and revealed religion. To this department the immortal work of Paley, on "Natural Theology"; Dr. Chalmers' "Astronomical Discourses"; Prof. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" are all most valuable contributions. Of this important class the volume before us is an excellent example. It consists of Sunday evening lectures, delivered in Glasgow, which were received with such favour as to demand their republication. They discuss in the light of the most recent science such subjects as, God in matter; God in instinct; God in mind; Nature and immortality; Christianity's divine power in its early conquests; Christianity an answer to man's necessities; The historic reality of Christ; The miraculous in Christ's history; The fruits of Christianity; Infidelity subversive of morality, and kindred topics. The style of the book is most interesting, and the illustrations are very lucid and apposite, and the line of argument we regard as of irrefragable cogency. We heartily commend the book, especially for the reading of young people.

The People's Bible : Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. V. Joshua-Judges V. 8vo. pp. 360. New York : Funk & Wagnalls. Price $1.75.

It is a pleasure to review a book which we can so unreservedly commend, as the noble work to which Dr. Parker is devoting the maturest energies of his life—the People's Bible. The present volume is marked by the salient characteristics of the distinguished preacher of the City Temple—a keen insight into the inmost meaning of Scripture and a keen insight into the heart of man. His application of the eternal truths of these old Hebrew books to the complex life of modern London and to the ever urgent needs of the human soul, gives this series of books a conspicuous and permanent value. The style is at times somewhat perfervid and rhetorical, but that is infinitely preferable to dulness and insipidity.

Marriage and Home Life. By the REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. Pp. 189. Edinburgh : Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

This is the most recent collection of Dr. Talmage's sermons, known in America as "The Marriage Ring." They are embodied, however, in much more elegant form than in the American edition. The full gilt and coloured binding makes the book worthy in dainty beauty of the theme which it treats. Never, we believe, have wiser counsels been given to the married, and those about to marry, than in this volume. They are written in Dr. Talmage's style of perfervid eloquence and almost oriental gorgeousness of imagery. The book makes a most appropriate little marriage present.

The Throne of Grace, or a Call to Prayer. By M. RHODES, D.D. Pp. 250. Philadelphia : Lutheran Publication Society. Price $1.

This is a very practical book on a very important subject. Dr. Rhodes discusses wisely the nature and conditions of effectual prayer—prayer in its relations to God the Father, the Holy Spirit and Jesus Christ; intercessory, secret, social and public prayer; prayer and the will of God; habits of prayer; what shall we pray for? etc. It will be seen that the range of subject is wide and is well covered. We can only add that we deem the treatment eminently judicious and helpful.

A Manual of Christian Evidences. By the Rev. C. A. ROW, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. Toronto : S. R. Briggs. Price $1.75.

This is a small book on a great subject. It gives, first, the moral evidence as to the Divinity of Christ —the divine attraction of the Cross and moral illumination of the Great Teacher, the unity of character of the Christ of the Gospels and the divine energy of the apparently weak agency through which the early Church conquered the world. Part II. treats the miraculous attestation of Christianity and its evidence, especially the crowning miracle of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The book is very terse, crisp, concise and comprehensive.

LITERARY NOTES.

Under the title, "Celebrities of the Century," Messrs. Cassell & Company will soon publish a most important work. It is a biographical dictionary of the century, containing condensed accounts of the lives of every man and woman in any country who has won distinction during the years from 1800 to 1887.

The enterprising house of William Gottsberger, New York, has sent us a copy of their new edition of the famous "Romance of a Poor Young Man," by Octave Feuillet, (pp. 319 —price $1.00). We have not had time to read it, but the *Book Buyer* for March (C. Scribner's Sons) describes it as "a masterpiece of literary peformance . . . abounding in the Celtic sensibility of which Matthew Arnold has written with so much charm and insight."

UNIVERSITY
MOUNT ALLISON,
LIBRARY.

A Scene in Moscow.